

BONDUCA

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by

Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT

AND

Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.



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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CAratach, *General of the Britains, Cousin to Bonduca.*

Nennius, *a great Soldier, a Britain Commander.*

Hengo, *a brave Boy, Nephew to Caratach.*

Suetonius, *General to the Roman Army in Britain.*

Penius, *a brave Roman Commander, but stubborn to the General.*

Junius, *a Roman Captain, in love with Bonduca's Daughter.*

Petilius, *a merry Captain, but somewhat wanton.*

Demetrius, } *Two Roman Commanders.*

Decius,

Regulus,

Drusus,

Macer,

Curius,

Judas,

Herald,

Druids.

Soldiers.

} *Four Roman Officers.*

Judas, *a Corporal, a merry hungry Knave.*

W O M E N.

Bonduca, *Queen of the Iceni, a brave Virago, by Prasutagus.*
Her two Daughters.

SCENE BRITAIN.

B O N.

BONDUCA

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius,
and Soldiers.*

Bon. **T**HE hardy Romans? O ye Gods of Britain,
The rust of Arms, the blushing shame of Soldiers,
Are these the Men that conquer by Inheritance?
The Fortune-makers? These the *Jullans*,
Enter Caratach.

That with the Sun measure the end of Nature,
Making the World but one *Rome* and one *Cesar*?
Shame, how they flee! *Cesar's* soft Soul dwells in 'em;
Their Mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nurs'd 'em,
Their Bodies sweat with sweet Oils, Loves allurements,
Not lusty Arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These *Roman* Girls? Is *Britain* grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, *Nennius*, scatter'd 'em,
And through their big-bon'd *Germans*, on whose Pikes
The honour of their Actions sit in Triumph,
Made Themes for Songs to shame 'em, and a Woman,
A Woman beat 'em, *Nennius*; a weak Woman,
A Woman beat these *Romans*. *Car.* So it seems,
A Man would shame to talk so.

Bon. Who's that? *Car.* I

Bon. Cousin, do you grieve at my Fortunes?

Car. No, *Bonduca*,

If I grieve, 'tis at the bearing of your Fortunes;
You put too much Wind to your Sail: Discretion
And hardy Valour are the twins of Honour,
And nurs'd together, make a Conqueror;

Divided, but a Talker. 'Tis a Truth,
That *Rome* has fled before us twice, and routed;
A Truth we ought to crown the Gods for, Lady,
And not our Tongues. A Truth is none of ours,
Nor in our Ends, more than the noble bearing,
For then it leaves to be a Virtue, Lady,
And we that have been Victors, beat our selves,
When we insult upon our Honours Subject.

Bon. My valiant Cousin, is it foul to say
What Liberty and Honour bid us do,
And what the Gods allow us? *Car.* No, *Bonduca*,
So what we say exceed not what we do.
Ye call the *Romans* fearful, fleeing *Romans*,
And *Roman* Girls, the Lees of tainted Pleasures:
Does this become a Doer? Are they such?

Bon. They are no more. *Car.* Where is your Conquest then?
Why are your Altars crown'd with wreaths of Flowers,
The Beasts with gilt Horns waiting for the Fire?
The holy *Druides* composing Songs
Of everlasting Life to Victory?
Why are these Triumphs, Lady? For a *May-game*?
For hunting a poor Herd of wretched *Romans*?
Is it no more? Shut up your Temples, *Britains*,
And let the Husbandman redeem his Heifers;
Put out our holy Fires, no Timbrel ring;
Let's home, and sleep; for such great Overthrows,
A Candle burns too bright a Sacrifice,
A Glow-worm's Tail too full of Flame. O *Nennius*,
Thou hadst a noble Uncle knew a *Roman*,
And how to speak him, how to give him weight
In both his Fortunes *Bon.* By ——— I think
Ye doat upon these *Romans*, *Caratach*.

Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given,
I love an Enemy, I was born a Soldier;
And he that in the head on's Troop defies me,
Bending my manly Body with his Sword,
I make a Mistress. Yellow-tressed *Hymen*
Ne'er ty'd a longing Virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that Man that wounds me:
And are not all these *Romans*? Ten struck Battels
I suck'd these honour'd Scars from, and all *Roman*:
Ten Years of bitter Nights and heavy Marches,
When many a frozen Storm sung thorow my Curals,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn Metal, have I wrought thorow,
And all to try these *Romans*. Ten times a Night

BONDUCA.

I have swum the Rivers, when the Stars of Rome
 Shot at me as I floated, and the Billows
 Tumbled their watry ruins on my Shoulders,
 Charging my batter'd sides with Troops of Agues;
 And still to try these *Romans*, whom I found
 (And if I lye, my Wounds be henceforth backward,
 And be you witness, Gods, and all my dangers)
 As ready, and as full of that I brought,
 (Which was not fear nor flight) as valiant,
 As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
 Ever advanced as forward as the *Britains*,
 Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
 Ay, and as subtle, Lady. 'Tis dishonour,
 And follow'd, will be Impudence, *Bonduca*,
 And grow to no belief, to taint these *Romans*.
 Have not I seen the *Britains* ———

Bon. What? *Car.* Disheartned,
 Run, run, *Bonduca*, not the quick rack swifter;
 The Virgin from the hated Ravisher
 Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home,
 A round Stone from a sling, a Lovers wish,
 E'er made that haste that they have. By ———
 I have seen these *Britains*, that you magnifie,
 Run as they would have out-run Time, and roaring
 Basely for Mercy, roaring: the light Shadows,
 That in a thought scur o'er the Fields of Corn,
 Halted on Crutches to 'em. *Bon.* O ye Powers,
 What scandals do I suffer? *Car.* Yes, *Bonduca*,
 I have seen thee run too, and thee, *Nennius*;
 Yea, run apace, both; then when *Penius*,
 The *Roman* Girl, cut thorow your armed Carts,
 And drove 'em headlong on ye down the Hill;
 Then when he hunted ye like *Britain* Foxes,
 More by the scent than sight; then did I see
 These valiant and approved Men of *Britain*,
 Like Boading Owls, creep into tods of Ivy,
 And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, *Caratach*? *Car.* I fled too,
 But not so fast; your Jewel had been lost then,
 Young *Hengo* there; he trasht me, *Nennius*:
 For when your fears out-run him, then slept I,
 And in the head of all the *Romans* fury
 Took him, and, with my tough Belt, to my Back
 I buckled him; behind him, my sure Shield;
 And then I follow'd. If I say I fought
 Five times in bringing off this bud of *Britain*,

I lie not, *Nemius*. Neither had ye heard
 Me speak this, or ever seen the Child more;
 But that the Son of Virtue, *Pennus*,
 Seeing me steer thorow all these storms of danger,
 My Helm still in my Hand, my Sword my Prow,
 Turn'd to my Foe my Face, he cry'd out nobly,
 Go *Britain*, bear thy Lyon's Whelp off safely;
 Thy manly Sword has ransom'd thee; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in Arms;
 Then if thou stand'st, thou art mine. I took his Offer,
 And here I am to Honour him. *Bon.* O Cousin,
 From what a flight of Honour hast thou checkt me?
 What wouldst thou make me, *Catath*? *Car.* See, Lady,

The noble use of others in our losses:
 Does this afflict ye? Had the *Romans* cry'd this
 And as we have done theirs, fung out these Fortunes,
 Rail'd on our base condition, hooted at us,
 Made marks as far as the Earth was ours, to shew us
 Nothing but Sea could stop our flights; despis'd us,
 And held it equal, whether banquetting
 Or beating of the *Britains* were more business,
 It would have gall'd ye. *Bon.* Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but so think, as we may be conquer'd,
 And where we have found Virtue, though in those
 That came to make us Slaves, let's cherish it.
 There's not a blow we gave since *Julius* landed,
 That was of strength and worth, but like Records
 They file to After-ages. Our Registers,
 The *Romans* are, for noble deeds of Honour;
 And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?

Bon. No more, I see my self; thou hast made me, Cousin,
 More than my Fortunes durst, for they abus'd me,
 And wound me up so high, I swell'd with Glory:
 Thy Temperance has cur'd that Tympany,
 And given me Health again, nay, more Discretion:
 Shall we have peace? for now I love these *Romans*.

Car. Thy Love and Hate are both unwise ones, Lady.

Bon. Your Reason? *Now.* Is not Peace the end of Arms?

Car. Not where the Cause implies a general Conquest:
 Had we a difference with some petty Isle,
 Or with our Neighbours, Lady, for our Land-marks,
 The taking in of some rebellious Lord,
 Or making a Head against Commotions,
 After a day of Blood, Peace might be argued;
 But where we grapple for the Ground we live on,
 The Liberty we hold as dear as Life,

The Gods we worship, and next those, our Honours,
 And with those Swords that know no end of Battel;
 Those Men beside themselves allow no Neighbour;
 Those Minds that where the day is, claim Inheritance,
 And where the Sun makes ripe the Fruits, their Harvest,
 And where they march, but measure out more Ground
 To add to *Rome*, and here 'th' Bowels on us;
 It must not be; no, they are our Foes,
 And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
 Let's use the peace of Honour, that's fair dealing,
 But in our ends, our Swords. That hardy *Roman*
 That hopes to graft himself into my Stock,
 Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
 And be ally'd in Ashes. *Bon. Caratach*,
 As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
 And *Hengo* to thy charge I here deliver:
 The *Romans* shall have worthy Wars. *Car. They shall*.
 And, little Sir, when your young Bones grow stiffer,
 And when I see ye able in a Morning,
 To beat a dozen Boys, and then to breakfast,
 I'll tye ye to a Sword. *Hen. And what then, Uncle?*
Car. Then ye must kill, Sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls ye Knave. Hen. And must I kill but one?
Car. An hundred, Boy, I hope. Hen. I hope five hundred.
Car. That's a noble Boy. Come, worthy Lady,
 Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
 Allow an Enemy both weight and worth. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Junius and Petilius, two Roman Captains.

Pet. What ail'st thou, Man? dost thou want Meat?
Jun. No. Pet. Cloaths?
Jun. Neither. For Heav'n's love, leave me.
Pet. Drink? Jun. Ye tire me.
Pet. Come, 'tis drink; I know 'tis drink. Jun. 'Tis no drink.
Pet. I say 'tis drink; for what Affliction
 Can light so heavy on a Soldier,
 To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
 Thou shalt have drink. *Jun. Prethee Petilius*——
Pet. And by mine Honour, much drink, valiant drink:
 Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
 Like a true Friend, into thy wants: 'tis drink;
 And when I leave thee to a desolation,
 Especially of that dry Nature, hang me.

Jun.

Jun. Why do ye this to me? *Pet.* For I see,
Although your Modesty would fain conceal it,
Which fits as sweetly on a Soldier,
As an old Side-saddle. *Jun.* What do you see?

Pet. I see as far as day, that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping like an Oyster
For a new Tide? thy very thoughts lye bare
Like a low Ebb? thy Soul that rid in Sack,
Lies moor'd for want of Liquor? Do but see
Into thy self; for by—— I do:

For all thy Body's chapt and crackt like Timber
For want of moisture, what is't thou want'st there, *Junius*,
And if it be not drink? *Jun.* You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a Whore too; say it be come Meecher,
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant Fellow,
Die for a little Lap and Lechery?

No, it shall ne'er be said in our Country,
Thou dy'dst o'th' Chin-cough. Hear, thou noble Roman,
The Son of her that loves a Soldier,

Hear what I promised for thee; thus I said,
Lady, I take thy Son to my Companion,

Lady, I love thy Son, thy Son loves War,
The War loves Danger, Danger Drink, Drink Discipline,
Which is Society and Lechery;

These two beget Commanders: Fear not, Lady,
Thy Son shall lead. *Jun.* 'Tis a strange thing, *Petilius*,

That so ridiculous and loose a Mirth
Can master your Affections. *Pet.* Any Mirth,

And any way, of any Subject, *Junius*,
Is better than unmanly mustiness:

What harm's in Drink, in a good wholesome Wench?
I do beseech ye, Sir, what error? yet

It cannot out of my Head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no more fooling,

The General has new Wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new Acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye. *Pet.* None, I thank ye?

A short and touchy answer. *None, I thank ye:*
Ye do not scorn it, do ye? *Jun.* Gods defend, Sir;

I owe him still more honour. *Pet.* None, I thank ye:
No Company, no Drink, no Wench, I thank ye.

Ye shall be worse intreated, Sir. *Jun.* *Petilius*,
As thou art honest, leave me. *Pet.* None, I thank ye;

A modest and a decent Resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave ye, *Junius*,

And leave ye to the Boys, that very shortly

Shall

Shall all salute ye, by your new Sirname
 Of *Junius*, None I thank ye. I would starve now,
 Hang, drown, despair, deserve the Forks, lye open
 To all the dangerous palls of a Wench;
 Bound to believe her Tears, and wed her Acher,
 E'er I would own thy Follies. I have found ye,
 Your lays, and out-leaps *Junius*, haunts, and lodges:
 I have view'd ye, and I have found ye by my skill
 To be a Fool o'th' first Head, *Junius*,
 And I will hunt ye; ye are in Love, I know it:
 Ye are an Ass, and all the Camp shall know it;
 A peevish idle Boy; your Dame shall know it.

Enter Corporal Judas, and four Soldiers.

Jud. A Bean? a Princely diet, a full Banquet,
 To what we compass. *1 Sold.* Fight like Hogs for Acorns? (cals?)
2 Sold. Venture our lives for Pig-nuts? *Pet.* What ail these Rascals?
3 Sold. If this hold, we are starv'd. *Jud.* For my part, Friends,
 Which is but twenty Beans a day, a hard World
 For Officers, and Men of Action;
 And those so clipt by master Mouse, and rotten;
 For understand 'em *French Beans*, where the Fruits
 Are ripen'd like the People in old Tubs.
 For mine own part, I say, I am starv'd already.
 Not worth another Bean, consum'd to nothing,
 Nothing but Flesh and Bones left, miserable:
 Now if this musty Provender can prick me
 To honourable Matters of Atchievement, Gentlemen;
 Why there's the Point.

4 Sold. I'll fight no more. *Pet.* You'll hang then,
 A sovereign help for Hunger. Ye eating Rascals,
 Whose Gods are Beef and Brewis, whose brave Angers
 Do execution upon these, and Chibbals:
 Ye Dog's Heads i'th' Porridge-Pot; you fight no more?
 Does *Rome* depend upon your Resolution
 For eating mouldy Pye-crust? *3 Sold.* Would we had it.

Jud. I may do Service, Captain. *Pet.* In a Fish-Market.
 You, Corporal Curry-Comb, what will your fighting
 Profit the Common-wealth? do you hope to triumph,
 Or dare your vamping Valour, Goodman Cobler,
 Clap a new Sole to th' Kingdom? s'death, ye Dog-Whelps;
 You fight, or not fight.

Jud. Captain, *Pet.* Out, ye flesh-Flies,
 Nothing but Noise and Nastiness. *Jud.* Good Give us Meat,
 Whereby we may do. *Pet.* Whereby hangs your Valour?

Jud. Good Bits afford good Blows. *Pet.* A good Position:
 How long is't since thou eat'st last? wipe thy Mouth,

And then tell Truth. *Jud.* I have not eat to th' purpose.

Pet. To th' purpose? What's that? half a Cow and Garlick?
Ye Rogues, my Company eat Turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;
Old Matts, and Mud with Spoons, rare Meats, Your Shoes, Slaves?
Dare ye cry out for Hunger, and those extant;
Suck your Sword-Hilts, ye Slaves, if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em March-pane? To the purpose?
A grievous Penance. Dost thou see that Gentleman,
That melancholy Monsieur? *Jun.* Pray ye, *Petilius*

Pet. He has not eat these three Weeks.

2 *Sold.* 'Has drunk the more then. 3 *Sold.* And that's all one.

Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two Months.

Jud. Captain, we do beseech you as poor Soldiers,
Men that have seen good Days, whose mortal Stomachs
May sometime feel Afflictions. *Jun.* This, *Petilius*,
Is not so nobly don. *Pet.* 'Tis common Profit;
Urge him to th' Point, he'll find you out a Food
That needs no Teeth nor Stomach; a strange furrity
Will feed you up as fat as Hens 'ith' foreheads.
And make ye fight like Finbocks; to him. *Jud.* Captain.

Jun. Do you long to have your Throats cut?

Pet. See what Metal

It makes in him: Two Meals more of this Melancholly,
And there lyes Caratach. *Jud.* We do beseech ye.

2 *Sold.* Humbly beseech your Valour.

Jun. Am I only become your Sport, *Petilius*?

Jud. But to render

In way of general good, In Preservation.

Jun. Out of my Thoughts, ye Slaves. 4 *Sold.* Or rather Pity.

3 *Sold.* Your warlike Rensedy, against the Maw-worms.

Jud. Or notable Receipt to live by nothing.

Pet. Out with your Table-Books. *Jun.* Is this true Friendship?
And must my killing Griefs make others May-Games?
Stand from my Swords Point, Slaves, your poor starv'd Spirits
Can make me no Oblations; else, O Love,
Thou proudly blind Destruction, I would send thee
Whole Hecatombs of Hearts, to bleed my Sorrows.

Jud. Alas, he lives by Love, Sir.

[Exit Junius.]

Pet. So he does, Sir,

'And cannot you do so too? All my Company
Are now in love, ne'er think of Meat, nor talk
Of what Provant is: *Aymeer*, and *Henry bay-boss*,
Are Sallets fit for Soldiers. Live by Meat;
By larding up your Bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shews ye meerly mortal, dull, and drives ye

To fight like Camels, with Baskets at your Noses,
 Get ye in love: Ye can whore well enough,
 That all the World knows; fast ye into Famine,
 Yet ye can crawl like Crabsto Weeches, handsomely;
 Fall but in love now, as ye see Example,
 And follow it but with all your Thoughts, *probatum*,
 There's so much Charge sav'd, and your Hunger's ended.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Away, I hear the General; get ye in love all,
 Up to the Ears in love, that I may hear
 No more of these rude Murmurings; and discreetly
 Carry your Stomachs, or I prophesie

A pickt'd Rope will choak ye. Jog, and talk not.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, Drums and Colours.

Suet. Demetrius, is the Messenger dispatch'd
 To *Penius*, to command him to bring up

The *Volans* Regiment? *Dem.* He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the Horse well view'd we brought from *Mona*?

Dec. The Troops are full and lusty. *Suet.* Good *Petilius*,

Look to those eating Rogues, that bawl for Victuals,

And stop their Throats a Day or two: Provision

Waits but the Wind to reach us. *Pet.* Sir, already

I have been tampering with their Stomachs, which I find

As deaf as Adders to Delays: Your Clemency

Hath made their Murmurs, Mutinies, nay Rebellions:

Now, and they want but Mustard, they're in Uproars,

No Oil but Candy, *Lusitanian* Figs,

And Wine from *Lesbos*, now can satisfie 'em:

The *British* Waters are grown so dull and muddy,

The Fruit disgustful: *Orontes* must be fought for,

And Apples from the happy *Hles*; the truth is,

They are more curious now in having nothing,

Than if the Sea and Land turn'd up their Treasures:

This lost the Colonies, and gave *Bonduga*

(With Shame we must record it) time and strength

To look into our Fortunes; great Discretion

To follow offered Victory; and last, full Pride

To brave us to our Teeth, and scorn our Ruins.

Suet. Nay chide not, good *Petilius*, I confess

My Will to conquer *Mona*, and long stay

To execute that Will, let in these Losses:

All shall be right again, and as a Pine

Rent from *Oeta* by a sweeping Tempest,

Jointed again, and made a Mast, defies

Those angry Winds that split him: So will I,

Pie'd to my never-failing Strength and Fortune,

Steer through these swelling Dangers; plow their Prides up;

And bear like Thunder through their loudest Tempests:
They keep the Field still. *Dem.* Confident and full.

Per. In such a number, one would swear they grew,
The Hills are wooded with their Partizans,
And all the Valleys overgrown with Darts,
As Moors are with rank Rushes: No Ground left us,
To charge upon, no room to strike: Say Fortune
And our Endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,
We shall be kill'd with killing; of desperate Women,
That neither Fear or Shame e'er found, the Devil
Has rank'd amongst 'em Multitudes: Say the Men fail,
They'll poison us with their Petticoats; say they fail,
They have Priests enough to pray us into nothing.

Suer. These are Imaginations, Dreams of nothing,
The Man that doubts or fears. *Dem.* I am free of both.

Dem. The self-same I. *Per.* And I as free as any,
As careless of my Flesh, of that we call Life,
So I may lose it nobly; as indifferent
As if it were my Diet. Yet, noble General,
It was a Wisdom learn'd from you; I learn'd it,
And worthy of a Soldier's Care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate Circumstance
The ends of Accidents, above their Offers;
How to go on and get, to save a Roman,
Whose one Life is more worth in way of doing,
Than Millions of these painted Wasps; how viewing
To find Advantage out, how found, to follow it
With Counsel and Discretion, lest meer Fortune
Should claim the Victory. *Suer.* 'Tis true *Perillus*,
And worthily remembred: The Rule's certain,
Their Uses no less excellent; but where time
Cuts off Occasions, Danger, Time and all
Tend to a present Peril, 'tis required
Our Swords and Manhoods be best Counsellors,
Our Expeditions, Presidents. To win, is nothing,
Where Reason, Time and Counsel are our Camp-Masters:
But there to bear the Field, then to be Conquerors,
Where pale Destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In Wants and Mutinies, our selves but handfuls,
And to our selves, our own Fears, needs a new way,
A sudden and a desperate Execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
Only a present well-united Strength,
And Minds made up for all Attempts, dispatch it:
Disputing and delay here, cools the Courage;

Neces-

B O N D U C A.

Necessity gives Time for Doubts; things infinite,
According to the Spirit they are preach'd to,
Rewards like them; and Names for After-Ages,
Must steel the Soldier; his own Shame help to arm him:
And having forc'd his Spirit, e'er he cools,
Fling him upon his Enemies; sudden and swift,
Like Tigers amongst Foxes, we must fight for't:
Fury must be our Fortune; Shame we have lost,
Spurs ever in our Sides to prick us forward:
There is no other Wisdom nor Discretion
Due to this Day of Ruin, but Destruction;
The Soldiers order first, and then his Anger.

Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all. *Suet.* Then no doubt
The Day must needs be ours. That the proud Woman
Is infinite in Number better likes me,
Than if we dealt with Squadrons; half her Army
Shall choak themselves, their own Swords dig their Graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears, one single Valour,
The Virtues of the valiant *Caratach*

More doubts me than all *Britain*: He's a Soldier
So forg'd out, and so temper'd for great Fortunes,
So much Man thrust into him, so old in Dangers,
So fortunate in all Attempts, that his mere Name
Fights in a thousand Men, himself in millions,
To make him *Roman*. But no more, *Petilius*,
How stands your Charge? *Pet.* Ready for all Employments,
To be commanded too, Sir. *Suet.* 'Tis well govern'd;
To morrow we'll draw out, and view the Cohorts:
Fth' mean time, all apply their Offices.

Where's *Junius*? *Pet.* In's Cabin,
Sick o'th' Mumps, Sir. *Suet.* How?

Pet. In Love, indeed in Love, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of *Queen Dido*. *Dec.* Alas poor Gentleman!

Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler, With what Lady?
I'll be a Spokesman for him. *Pet.* You'll scant speed, Sir.

Suet. Who is't? *Pet.* The Devil's Dam, *Bonduea's* Daughter,
Her youngest, crackt i'th' Ring. *Suet.* I am sorry for him
But sure his own Discretion will reclaim him,
He must deserve our anger else. Good Captains,
Apply your selves in all the pleasing Forms
Ye can, unto the Soldiers; fire their Spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this Action;
Mine own provision shall be shar'd amongst 'em,
'Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the Kingdom lies before 'em.
Their Shames forg't, their Honours infinite,

And Want for ever banisht. Two days hence,
Our Fortunes, and our Swords, and Gods be for us. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Penius, Regulus, Maer, and Drusus

Pen. I Must come?

Maer. So the General commands, Sir.

Pen. I must bring up my Regiment?

Maer. Believe, Sir, I bring no Lie.

Pen. But did he say, I must come? **Maer.** So delivered.

Pen. How long is't, **Regulus**, since I commanded
In Britain here? **Reg.** About five years, great **Penius**.

Pen. The General some five Months. Are all my Actions

So poor, and lost, my Services so barren,

That I'm remembred in no nobler Language

But Must come up? **Maer.** I do beseech ye, Sir,

Weigh but the times Estate **Pen.** Yes, good Lieutenant,

I do, and his that sways it. Must come up,

Am I turn'd bare Centurion? Must, and shall,

Fit Embassies to court my Honour? **Maer.** Sir —

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my Men

Against an hundred thousand barbarous Slaves

That have marcht name by name with Rome's best doers?

Serve 'em up some other Meat; I'll bring no Food

To stop the Jaws of all these hungry Wolves:

My Regiment's mine own. I must, my Language,

Enter Curlius.

Cur. **Penius**, where lies the Host?

Pen. Where Fate may find 'em. **Cur.** Are they ingirt?

Pen. The Bartel's lost. **Cur.** So soon?

Pen. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won:

The Britains must be Victors. Whoe'er saw

A troop of bloody Vultures hovering

About a few corrupted Carcasses,

Let him behold the silly Roman Host,

Girded with millions of fierce Britaine Swains,

With Deaths as many as they have had hopes;

And then go thither, he that loves his Name;

I scorn my Life, yet dare not lose my Name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous End,

When both our Names and Lives are Sacrific'd

For Rome's increase? **Pen.** Yes, **Curlius**, but mark this too;

What Glory is there, or what lasting Name

Can be to *Rome* or us? What full Example,
 When one is smother'd with a Multitude,
 And crouded in amongst a nameless Press?
 Honour got out of Flint, and on their Heads
 Whose Virtues, like the Sun, exhal'd all Valours,
 Must not be lost in mists and fogs of People,
 Noteless, and out of Name, but rude and naked:
 Nor can *Rome* task us with impossibilities,
 Or bid us fight against a Flood; we serve her,
 That she may proudly say she has good Soldiers,
 Not Slaves to choke all hazards. Who but Fools,
 That make no difference betwixt certain dying,
 And dying well, would sing their Fames and Fortunes
 Into this *Britain*-gulf, this quick-sand Ruin,
 That sinking, swallows us? What noble Hand
 Can find a Subject fit for blood there? Or what Sword
 Room for his Execution? What Air to cool us,
 But poison'd with their blasting Breaths and Curses,
 Where we lye buried quick above the Ground,
 And are with labouring Sweat, and breathless Pain,
 Kill'd like to Slaves, and cannot kill again?

Dru. *Penius*, mark antient Wars, and know that then
 Captains weigh'd an hundred thousand Men.

Pen. *Drusus*, mark antient Wisdom, and you'll find then,
 He gave the Overbrow that sav'd his Men.
 I must not go. *Reg.* The Soldiers are desirous,
 Their Eagles all drawn out, Sir. *Pen.* Who drew up, *Regulus*?
 Ha? Speak, did you? whose bold Will durst attempt this?
 Drawn out? Why, who commands, Sir? On whose Warrant
 Durst they advance? *Reg.* I keep mine own Obedience.

Dru. 'Tis like the general Cause, their love of Honour,
 Relieving of their wants.

Pen. Without my knowledge?
 Am I no more? My Place but at their pleasures?
 Come, who did this? *Dru.* By —— Sir, I am ignorant.

[*Drum softly within, then enter Soldiers with Drums and Colours.*]

Pen. What, am I grown a Shadow? Hark, they march.
 I will know, and will be my self. Stand, Disobedience;
 He that advances one Foot higher, dies for't.
 Run thorow the Regiment upon your Duties,
 And charge 'em on command, beat back again.
 By —— I'll tithe 'em all else.

Reg. We'll do our best.

[*Exeunt Drusus and Regulus.*]

Pen. Back, cease your bawling Drums there,
 I'll beat the Tubs about your Brains else. Back:
 Do I speak with less fear than Thunder to ye?

Must

Must I stand to beseech yet Home, home; ha?
 Do ye stare upon me? Are those Minds I moulded,
 Those honest valiant Tempers I was proud
 To be a Fellow to, those great Discretions
 Made your Names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to Wildfires?
 O Gods, to Disobedience? Command, farewell:
 And ye be witness with me, all things Sacred,
 I have no share in these Men's Shames: March, Soldiers,
 And seek your own sad Ruins; your old *Penius*
 Dares not behold your Murders. *1 Sold. Captain. 2 Sold. Captain,*
3 Sold. Dear honour'd Captain. *Pen.* Too too dear lov'd Soldiers,
 Which made ye weary of me, and Heav'n yet knows,
 Though in your Mutinies, I dare not hate you:
 Take your own Wills; 'tis fit your long Experience
 Should now know how to rule your selves; I wrong ye,
 In wishing ye to save your Lives and Credits,
 To keep your Necks whole from the Ax hangs o'er ye:
 Alas, I much dishonour'd ye; go, seek the *Britains*,
 And say ye come to glut their Sacrifices;
 But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
 How excellent in all Parts, good, and govern'd,
 Is only left of my Command, for Story;
 What now ye are, for Pity. Fare ye well.

Enter Drusus and Regulus.

Dru. Oh turn again, great *Penius*; see the Soldier
 In all points apt for Duty. *Reg.* See his Sorrow
 For his Disobedience, which he says was haste,
 And haste, he thought, to please you with. See Captain,
 The toughness of his Courage turn'd to Water;
 See how his manly Heart melts. *Pen.* Go, beat homeward,
 There learn to eat your little with Obedience,
 And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Macer. My Answer, Sir. *Pen.* Tell the great General,
 My Companies are no Faggots to fill Breaches;
 My self no Man that Must, or Shall, can carry:
 Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
 And when he finds out possibilities.
 He may command me. Command me to the Captains.

Macer. All this I shall deliver. *Pen.* Farewel, *Macer.* [*Ex. Pen.*]
Cur. Pray Gods this breed no Mischief. *Reg.* It must needs.
 If stout *Suetonius* win; for then his Anger,
 Besides the Soldiers loss of due and honour,
 Will break together on him. *Dru.* He's a brave Fellow,
 And but a little hide his Haughtiness,
 (Which is but sometimes neither, on some Causes)
 He shews the worthiest *Roman* this day living.

You

You may, good *Curius*, to the General
 Make all things seem the best. *Cur.* I shall endeavour:
 Pray for our Fortunes Gentlemen, if we fall,
 This one farewell serves for a Funeral.
 The Gods make sharp our Swords, and steel our Hearts;
 We dare, alas, but cannot fight our Parts.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Junius, Petilius and a Herald observing Junius.

Pet. Let him go on; stay, now he Talks. *Jun.* Why?
 Why should I love mine Enemy? What is Beauty?
 Of what strange Violence, that like the Plague,
 It works upon our Spirits? Blind they seign him,
 I am sure, I find it so. *Pet.* A Dog shall lead ye:

Jun. His fond Affections blinder. *Pet.* Hold ye there still.

Jun. It takes away my Sleep. *Pet.* Alas, poor Chicken.

Jun. My Company, Content; almost my fashion.

Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis sure the Plague, for no Man dare come near me
 Without an Antidote, 'tis far worse; Hell.

Pet. Thou art damn'd without Redemption then.

Jun. The way to's

Strew'd with fair Western Smiles, and April Blushes,
 Led by the brightest Constellations; Eyes,
 And sweet proportions, envying Heav'n; but from thence
 No way to guide; no Path, no Wisdom bring us.

Pet. Yes, a smart Water, *Junius.* *Jun.* Do I fool?
 Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further,
 That when we have enjoy'd our Ends, we lose 'em,
 And all our Appetites are but as Dreams

We laugh at in our Ages. *Pet.* Sweet Philosopher!

Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing? Mercy, Gods,
 Why am I thus Ridiculous?

Pet. Motley on thee, thou art an arrant Ass.

Jun. Can red and white, an Eye, a Nose, a Cheek,

Pet. But one Cheek, *Junius?*

An half-fac'd Mistress? *Jun.* With a little trim,
 That wanton Fools call Fashion, thus abuse me?
 Take me beyond my Reason? Why should not I
 Doat on my Horse well trapt, my Sword well hatch'd?
 They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
 And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
 Yet 'twere excusable, my Youth would bear it;
 But to love there, and that no time can give me,

C

Mine

Mine Honour dare not ask; she has been Ravish'd,
My Nature must not know; she hates our Nation.
Thus to dispose my Spirit!

Pet. Stay a little, he will declaim again.

Jun. I will not Love; I am a Man, have Reason,
And I will use it: I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whiping for a Wench, there are a thousand.

Pet. Hold thee there, Boy. *Jun.* A thousand will intreat me;

Pet. Ten thousand, *Junius.* *Jun.* I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion Valiant; can please Nightly.

Pet. I'll swear thy Back's *probatum*, for I have known thee
Leap at sixteen like a strong Stallion.

Jun. I will be a Man again. *Pet.* Now mark the working.
The Devil and the Spirit tug for't: Twenty pound
Upon the Devil's Head. *Jun.* I must be wretched.

Pet. I knew I had won. *Jun.* Nor have I so much power
To shun my Fortune. *Pet.* I will hunt thy Fortune
With all the Shapes Imagination breeds, [Musick.]

But I will fright thy Devil: Stay, he sings now.

[Song, by Junius, and Petilius after him in Adockage.]

Jun. Must I be abus'd? *Pet.* Yes marry must ye.
Let's follow him close: Oh, there he is, now read it.

Herald reads. *It is the General's Command, that all sick Persons, old
and unable, retire within the Trenches; he that fears his Liberty,
to leave the Field: Fools, Boys, and Lovers must not come near
the Regiments, for fear of their Infections; especially those Comrades
they call Lovers.*

Jun. Ha? *Pet.* Read on.

Herald. *If any common Soldier love an Enemy, he's whip'd and made
a Slave: If any Captain, cast with loss of Honours, flung out o'th'
Army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a Soldier.*

Jun. The——consume ye all, Rogues. [Exit Jun.]

Pet. Let this work:

He's something now to chew upon, he's gone,
Come, shake no more. *Her.* Well, Sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;

I would have given my Life for a bent two-pence.

If I e'er read to Lovers whilst I live again,

Or come within their Confines——

Pet. There's your Payment,
And keep this private.

Her. I am School'd for Talking.

[Exit Herald.]

Enter Demetrius.

Pet. How now, *Demetrius*, are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing,

Yours

Your Company stands fair; but pray ye, where's *Junius*?
 Half his command are wanting, with some forty
 That *Decius* leads. *Pet.* Hunting for Victuals:
 Upon my Life free-booting Rogues, their Stomachs
 Are like a Widow's Lust, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the Enemy
 Master of all the Country. *Pet.* Resolute Hungers
 Know neither Fears nor Faiths, they tread on Ladders,
 Ropes, Gallows, and overdo all Dangers.

Dem. They may be hang'd though. *Pet.* There's their joyful Sup-
 And no doubt they are at it. (per,

Dem. But for Heav'n's sake, how does young *Junius*?

Pet. Drawing on, poor Gentleman. *Dem.* What, to his end?

Pet. To th' end of all Flesh, Woman.

Dem. This Love has made him a stout Soldier.

Pet. O, a great one,

Fit to command young Goslings; but what News?

Dem. I think the Messenger's come back from *Penius*
 By this time, let's go know. *Pet.* What will you say now
 If he deny to come, and take Exceptions
 At some half Syllable, or Sound deliver'd
 With an ill Accent, or some Style left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare. *Pet.* He dare speak Treason;
 Dare say what no Man dares believe, dares do—
 But that's all one: I'll lay you my black Armour
 To twenty Crowns, he comes not. *Dem.* Done. *Pet.* You'll pay.

Dem. I will. *Pet.* Then keep thine old use *Penius*,
 Be stubborn and vain-glorious, and I thank thee.
 Come let's go pray for six Hours; most of us
 I fear will trouble Heav'n no more; two good Blows
 Struck home at two Commanders of the *Britains*,
 And my part's done. *Dem.* I do not think of Dying.

Pet. 'Tis possible we may live. But *Demetrius*,
 With what strange Legs, and Arms, and Eyes, and Noses,
 Let Carpenters and Copper-smiths consider.
 If I can keep my Heart whole, and my Wind-pipe,
 That I may drink yet like a Soldier—

Dem. Come let's have better Thoughts; mine's on your Armour.

Pet. Mine's in your Purse, Sir; let's go try the Wager.

[Exeunt

C 2

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter. Julius and his four Companions (Halters about their Necks;) Bonduca, her Daughters, and Nennius following.

Bon. Come, hang 'em presently.

Nen. What made your Rogueships
Harrying for Victuals here? Are we your Friends;
Or do you come for Spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Do not ye long for't?

Jud. What say ye? Shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As pull an Arse like Dogs to't.

1 Sold. Any way, so it be handsome.

3 Sold. I had as lieve 'twere toothsome too: But all agree,
And I'll not out, Boys. *4 Sold.* Let's hang pleasantly.

Jud. Then pleasantly be it: Captain, the truth is,
We had as lieve hang with Meat in our Mouths,
As ask your Pardon empty. *Bon.* These are brave Hungers.

What say you to a Leg of Beef now, Sirrah?

Jud. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

Bon. Torment 'em Wenches, I must back; then hang 'em.

Jud. We humbly thank your Grace.

1 Daugh. The Rogues laugh at us.

2 Daugh. Sirrah, what think you of a Wench now?

Jud. A Wench, Lady?

I do beseech your Ladiship, retire.

I'll tell ye presently, ye see the time's short;

One crash, even to the settling of my Conscience.

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, Boys?

Jud. Yes, ride too Captain, will you but see my Seat?

1 Daugh. Ye shall be fet, Sir, upon a Jade shall shake ye.

Jud. Sheets, good Madam, will do it ten times better.

1 Daugh. Whips, good Soldier,

Which ye shall taste before ye hang, to mortifie ye;

'Tis pity ye should die thus desperate.

2 Daugh. These are the merry Romans, the brave Madcaps.

'Tis ten to one we'll cool your Resolutions.

Bring out the Whips. *Jud.* Would your good Ladiships

Would exercise 'em too. *4 Sold.* Surely Ladies,

We'll shew you a strange Patience. *Nen.* Hang 'em Rascals,

They'll talk thus on thee Wheel.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now, what's the matter?

What are these Fellows? What's the crime committed,

That they wear Neeklaces? *Nen.* They are Roman Rogues,

Taken a Foraging. *Car.* Is that all, Nennius?

Jud.

Jud. Would I were fairly hang'd; this is the Devil,
The kill-cow *Caratach*. *Car.* And you would hang 'em.

Nen. Are they not Enemies? *1 Sold.* My Breech makes Buttons.

1 Daugh. Are they not our Tormentors?

Car. Tormentors? Flea-traps.

Pluck off your Halters, Fellows. *Nen.* Take heed, *Caratach*,
Taint not your Wisdom, *Car.* Wisdom, *Nennius*?

Why, who shall fight against us, make our Honours,

And give a glorious Day into our Han's,

If we dispatch our Foes thus? What's their Offence?

Stealing a Loaf or two to keep out Hunger,

A piece of greazie Bacon, or a Pudding?

Do these deserve the Gallows? they are hungry,

Poor hungry Kuaves, no meat at home left, starv'd:

Art thou not hungry? *Jud.* Monstrous hungry.

Car. He looks like Hunger's self; get 'em some Victuals,
And Wine to cheer their Hearts, quick: Hang up poor Pilchers?

2 Sold. This is the bravest Captain—— *Nen.* *Caratach*,

I'll leave you to your Will. *Car.* I'll answer all, Sir.

2 Daugh. Let's up and view his Entertainment of 'em.

I am glad they are shifted any way, their Tongues else

Would still have murdered us. *1 Daugh.* Let's up and see it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down poor Knaves: Why where's this Wine and Victu-
Who waits there? *Serv. within.* Sir, 'tis coming. (als.

Hen. Who are these, Uncle? *Car.* They are Romans, Boy.

Hen. Are these they

That vex mine Aunt so? Can these fight? They look

Like empty Scabbards all, no mettle in 'em,

Like Men of Clouts, set to keep Crows from Orchards;

Why, I dare fight with these.

Car. That's my good Chicken. And how do ye?

How do you feel your Stomachs? *Jud.* Wondrous apt, Sir,

As shall appear when time calls. *Car.* That's well, down with't,

A little grace will serve your turns; eat softly,

You'll choak ye Knaves else: Give 'em Wine.

Jud. Not yet, Sir,

We're even a little busie. *Hen.* Can that Fellow

Do any thing but eat? Thou Fellow. *Jud.* Away Boy,

Away, this is no Boys Play. *Hen.* By—— Uncle,

If his Valour lyes in's Teeth, he's most valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear ye talk, Sir.

Hen. Good Uncle, tell me,

What's the Price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?

Car.

Car. Some twenty *Britains*, Boy; these are good Soldiers.

Hen. Do not the Cowards eat hard too? *Car.* No more, Boy.
Come I'll sit with you too; sit down by me, Boy.

Jud. Pray bring your Dish then.

Car. Hearty Knaves; More Meat there.

1 *Sold.* That's a good hearing. *Car.* Stay now and pledge me.

Jud. This little piece, Sir. *Car.* By ——— square Eaters,
More Meat I say; upon my Conscience

The poor Rogues have not eat this Month: How terribly
They charge upon their Victuals; dare ye fight thus?

Jud. Believe it, Sir, like Devils.

Car. Well said, Famine; here's to thy General:

Jud. Most excellent Captain, I will now pledge thee.

Car. And to morrow Night, say to him,

His Head is mine. *Jud.* I can assure ye, Captain,

He will not give it for this washing. *Car.* Well said.

[Daughters above.

1 *Daugh.* Here's a strange Entertainment: How the Thieves drink.

2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry, they look'd for colder Liquor.

Car. Fill 'em more Wine, give 'em full Bowls; which of you all
In Recompence of this good, dare but give me (now,

A sound Knock in the Battel? *Jud.* Delicate Captain;

To do thee a sufficient Recompence,

I'll knock thy Brains out. *Car.* Do it.

Hen. Thou dar'st as well be damn'd: Thou knock his Brains out,
Thou Skin of Man? Uncle, I will not hear this.

Jud. Tie up your Whelp. *Hen.* Thou kill my Uncle?
Would I had but a Sword for thy sake, thou dry'd Dog.

Car. What a Mettle this little Vermin carries.

Hen. Kill mine Uncle? *Car.* He shall not, Child.

Hen. He cannot; he's a Rogue,

An only eating Rogue. Kill my sweet Uncle?

Oh that I were a Man. *Jud.* By this Wine,

Which I will drink to Captain *Junius*,

Who loves the Queen's most excellent Majesty's little Daughter
Most sweetly, and most fearfully, I will do it.

Heng. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great Pin.

Car. No more, Boy.

I'll pledge thy Captain: To ye all good Fellows.

2 *Daugh.* In love with me? That Love shall cost your Lives all:
Come Sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easie Conquest of 'em,
If Fortune favour me.

Car. Let's see ye sweat.

To Morrow, Blood and Spirit, Boys, this Wine
Turn'd to stern Valour.

1 *Sold.* Hark ye, Judas,

If he should hang us after all this.

Jud. Let him:

I'll hang like a Gentleman, and a Roman.

Car. Take away there, they have enough.

Jud. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good Cheer, and if we meet to Morrow,
One of us pays for't.

Car. Get 'em Guides, their Wine
Has over-master'd 'em.

Enter second Daughter and a Servant.

2 Daugh. That hungry Fellow
With the red Beard there, give it him, and this,
To see it well delivered.

Car. Farewel Knaves;
Speak nobly of us, keep your Words to Morrow,

Enter a Guide.

And do something worthy your Meat. Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.

Jud. Meaning me, Sir?

Serv. The same.

The youngest Daughter to the Queen intreats ye
To give this privately to Captain *Junius*,
This for your Pains.

Jud. I rest her humble Servant,
Commend me to thy Lady. Keep your Files, Boys.

Serv. I must instruct ye farther.

Jud. Keep your Files there.

Order, sweet Friends; Faces about now.

Guide. Here, Sir, here lyes your way.

Jud. 'Bless the Founders, I say:

Fairly, good Soldiers, fairly march now; close, Boys. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Enter Suetonius, Petilius, Demetrius, Decius, and Macer.

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe; not come, because commanded;
Was it not thus?

Macer. It was, Sir.

Pet. What now think ye?

Suet. Must come, so heinous to him, so distasteful?

Pet. Give me my Money.

Dem. I confess 'tis due, Sir,
And presently I'll pay it.

Suet. His Obedience,

So blind at his Years and Experience,
It cannot find where to be tendred?

Macer. Sir,

The Regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The Captains at all points steel'd up; their Preparations
Full of Resolve, and Confidence: Youth and Fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious Day,
Gilded their *Phalanx*; when the angry *Penius*
Stept like a stormy Cloud 'twixt them and hopes.

Suet. And stopt their Resolutions?

Macer. True; his Reason

To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.

Suet. Well *Penius*,

I cannot think thee Coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; thou hast lopt a Limb off from me,
And let it be thy Glory, thou wast stubborn,
Thy Wisdom, that thou lefist thy General naked:
Yet e'er the Sun set, I shall make thee see,
All Valour dwells not in thee; all command
In one Experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wist, I must come up, had been thy Blessing.

Pet. Let's force him.

Suet. No, by no Means; he's a Torrent
We cannot easily stem.

Pet. I think, a Traitor.

Suet. No ill words; let his own Shame first revile him.
That Wine I have, see it, *Demetrius*,
Distributed amongst the Soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petilius, give the Word through, that the Eagles
May presently advance; no Man discover,
Upon his Life, the Enemies full Strength,
But make it of no Value: *Decius*,
Are your starv'd People yet come home?

Dec. I hope so.

Suet. Keep 'em in more Obedience: This is no Time
To chide, I could be angry else, and say more to ye:
But come, let's order all: Whose Sword is sharpest,
And Valour equal to his Sword this Day,
Shall be my Saint.

Pet. We shall be holy all then:

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Judas and his Company.

Jud. Captain, Captain, I have brought 'em off again;
The drunkenest Slaves.

Dec. ——— Confound your Rogueships;

I'll call the General, and have ye hang'd all.

Jud. Pray who will you command then?

Dec. For you, Sirrah,

That are the Ring-Leader to these Devices,
Whose Maw is never cram'd, I'll have an Engine.

Jud. A Wench, Sweet Captain.

Dec. Sweet *Judas*, even the Forks,
Where ye shall have two *Licitors* with two Whips—
Hammer your Hide.

Jud. Captain, good Words, fair Words,
Sweet Words, good Captain; if you like not us,
Farewel, we have Employment.

Dec. Where hast thou been?

Jud. There where you dare not be with all your Valour.

Dec. Where's that?

Jud. With best good Fellow living.

1 Sold. The King of all good Fellows.

Dec. Who's that?

Jud. *Caratach*.

Shake now, and say, we have done something worthy,
Mark me, with *Caratach*: By this——*Caratach*:
Do you as much now and you dare: sweet *Caratach*.
Ye talk of a good Fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old *Caratach*: besides the drink, Captain,
The bravest running Banquet of black Puddings,
Pieces of glorious Beef.

Dec. How scap'd ye hanging?

Jud. Hanging's a Dog's Death, we are Gentlemen,
And I say still, old *Caratach*.

Dec. Belike then,

You are turn'd Rebels all.

Jud. We are Roman Boys all,
And Boys of Mettle: I must do that, Captain,
This Day, this very Day.

Dec. Away, ye Rascal!

Jud. Fair words, I say again.

Dec. What must you do, Sir?

Jud. I must do that my Heart-strings yern to do,
But my word's past.

Dec. What is it?

Jud. Why, kill *Caratach*.

That's all he ask'd us for our Entertainment.

Dec. More than you'll pay.

Jud. Would I had sold my self
Unto the skin I had not promis'd it,
For such another *Caratach*——

Dec. Come Fool,
Have ye done your Country Service?

Jud. I have brought that
To Captain Junius. **Dec.** How?

Jud. I think will do all:
I cannot tell, I think so.

Dec. How? to Junius?
I'll more enquire of this: You'll fight now?

Jud. Promise, take heed of promise, Captain.

Dec. Away, and rank then.

Jud. But hark ye, Captain, there is Wine distributing,
I would fain know what share I have.

Dec. Be gone, ye have too much.

Jud. Captain, no Wine, no fighting.
There's one call'd *Caratach* that has Wine.

Dec. Well, Sir, if you'll be rul'd now, and do well.

Jud. Do excellent.

Dec. Ye shall have Wine, or any thing: go File,
I'll see ye have your share: drag out your Dormise,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep handsomely,
They'll hear a hunt up shortly.

Jud. Now I love thee:
But no more Forks nor Whips.

Dec. Deserve 'em not then:
Up with your Men, I'll meet ye presently;
And get 'em sober quickly.

Jud. Arm, arm, Bullies,
All's right again and straight; and which is more,
More Wine, more Wine: Awake ye Men of *Memphis*,
Be sober and discreet, we have much to do, Boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. **P**Repare there for the Sacrifice, the Queen comes.

*Enter in Solemnity the Druids singing, the second Daughter strewing
Flowers; then Bonduca, Nemnius, and others.* [Music.]

Bon. Ye powerful Gods of *Britain*, hear our Prayers;
Hear us you great Revengers, and this Day
Take pity from our Swords, doubt from our Valours,
Double the sad Remembrance of our Wrongs
In every Breast; the Vengeance due to those

Make

Make infinite and endless; on our Pikes
 This day pale Terror sit, Horrors and Ruins
 Upon our Executions; claps of Thunder
 Hang on our armed Carts, and 'fore our Troops
 Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em.
 Rise from the Dust, ye Relicks of the Dead,
 Whose noble Deeds our holy *Druids* sing,
 O rise, ye valiant Bones, let not base Earth
 Oppress your Honours, whilst the Pride of *Rome*
 Treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your Stories.

Non. Thou great *Tiranes*, whom our sacred Priests,
 Armed with dreadful Thunder, plac'd on high
 Above the rest of the immortal Gods,
 Send thy consuming Fires, and deadly Bolts,
 And shoot 'em home, slick in each *Roman* Heart
 A fear fit for confusion; blast their Spirits,
 Dwell in 'em to Destruction; thorow their *Phalanx*
 Strike, as thou strik'st a proud Tree; shake their Bodies,
 Make their Strengths totter, and their topless Fortunes
 Unroot, and reel to ruin.

1 Daugh. O thou God,
 Thou feared God, if ever to thy Justice
 Insulting Wrongs, and Ravishments of Women,
 Women deriv'd from thee, their Shames, the Sufferings
 Of those that daily fill'd thy Sacrifice
 With Virgin Incense, have access, now hear me,
 Now snatch thy Thunder up, now on these *Romans*,
 Despisers of thy Power, of us Defacers,
 Revenge thy self, take to thy killing Anger,
 To make thy great Work full, thy Justice spoken,
 An utter rooting from this blessed Isle
 Of what *Rome* is or has been.

Bon. Give more Incense,
 The Gods are deaf and drowsie; no happy flame
 Rises to raise our Thoughts: Pour on.

2 Daugh. See Heav'n,
 And all you Pow'rs that guide us, see, and shame,
 We kneel so long for pity over your Altars;
 Since 'tis no light Oblation that you look for,
 No Incense Offering, will I hang mine Eyes;
 And as I wear these Stones with hourly weeping,
 So will I melt your Pow'rs into Compassion.
 This Tear for *Prosutagus* my brave Father,
 Ye Gods, now think on *Rome*; this for my Mother,
 And all her miseries; yet see, and save us;
 But now ye must be open-ey'd. See, Heav'n,

Oh see thy show'rs stoln from thee, our Dishonour,

[A Smoak from the Altar.]

Oh Sister, our Dishonour: can ye be Gods,
And these sins smother'd?

Bon. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,

But no flame rises. Cease your fearful Prayers,

Your whinings, and your tame Petitions,

The Gods love Courage arm'd with Confidence,

And Prayers fit to pull them down: weak Tears

And troubled Hearts, the dull twins of cold Spirits,

They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em:

Divine *Andate*, thou who hold'st the Reins

Of furious Battels, and disorder'd War,

And proudly rowl'st thy swarthy Chariot-wheels

Over the heaps of Wounds and Carcasses,

Sailing through Seas of Blood; thou sure-steel'd sternness,

Give us this Day good Hearts, good Enemies,

Good Blows o' both sides, Wounds that fear or flight

Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers

And warlike Executions fit thy viewing;

Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,

Thy little Britain, but as great in Fortune,

Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring;

And then look on, thou Red-ey'd God: who does best,

Reward with Honour; who Despair makes fly,

Unarm for ever, and brand with Infamy:

Grant this, divine *Andate*, 'tis but Justice;

And my first blow thus on thy holy Altar

[A flame arises.]

I Sacrifice unto thee.

Bon. It flames out.

Car. Now sing, ye Druids.

Bon. 'Tis out again.

Car. H'as given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more,
The rest hangs in our Resolutions:

Tempt her no more.

Bon. I would know farther, Cousin.

Car. Her hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,

Our Valours are our best Gods. Chear the Soldier,

And let him eat. *Mess.* He's at it, Sir.

Car. Away then;

When he has done, let's March. Come, fear not, Lady,

This day the Roman gains no more ground here,

But what his Body lies in.

Bon. Now I am confident.

[Exeunt. Recorders.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our Lives,
It forfeits all our Understandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forsake me in so just a Service,
A Service for the Common-wealth, for Honour?
Read but the Letter; you may love too.

Dec. Read it;
If there be any safety in the Circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis Love, we will not fail ye.
Read it, good *Curius*.

Cur. Willingly. *Jun.* Now mark it.

Cur. reads. Health to thy Heart, my honoured *Junius*,
And all thy Love requited: I am thine,
Thine everlastingly, thy Love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt; our new Acquaintance
Compels this, 'tis the Gods decree to bless us,
The Times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not,
By all the Love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger, to come to me,
For I have purpos'd a deliveryt
Both of my self and Fortune this blest Day
Into thy Hands, if thou think'st good: To shew thee
How infinite my Love is, even my Mother
Shall be thy Prisoner, the Day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your Danger like a Lover,
A just affecter of thy Faith: Thy Goodness,
I know, will use us nobly, and our Marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen *Rome's* Ambition.
I'm weary of these Miseries: Use my Mother,
(If you intend to take her) with all Honour,
And let this Disobedience to my Parents
Be laid on Love, not me. Bring with thee, *Junius*,
Spirits resolv'd to fetch me off, the noblest,
Forty will serve the turn; just at the joyning
Of both the Battels, we will be weakly guarded;
And for a Guide, within this Hour shall reach thee
A faithful Friend of mine: The Gods, my *Junius*,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee; young *Bonduca*.

Cur. This Letter carries much Belief, and most Objections
Answer'd, we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that Fellow come to ye for a Guide yet?

Jun.

Jun. Yet. *Dec.* And examin'd?

Jun. Far more than that, he has felt Tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this Truth.

Dec. Strange.

Cur. If she means what she writes, as't may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my Soul she means Truth.

Dec. Think an Hour more,
Then if your Confidence grow stronger on ye,
We'll set in with ye.

Jun. Nobly done, I thank ye: Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready

To give ye present Counsel, or join with ye.

Enter Suetonius, Petilius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Jun. No more, as ye are Gentlemen. The General,

Suet. Draw out apace, the Enemy waits for us,
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our Troops attend, Sir.

Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, *Junnis*,
I hope ye are dispossess'd.

Jun. I hope so too, Sir.

Suet. Continue so. And Gentlemen, to you now;
To bid you fight is needless, ye are *Romans*,
The Name will fight it self; to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his Power, and Nature,
But loss of time; yet know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so. To tell ye farther,
His Body shews more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears, less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more Honour on your Actions,
Load ye with virtuous Names, and to your Memories
Tye never-dying Time, and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance, draw your Swords
As daring and as confident as Justice,
The Gods of *Rome* fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the toplest *Apenine*, and blows
To all the under World; all Nations,
The Seas, and unfrequented Desarts, where the Snow dwells,
Wakens the ruin'd Monuments, and there
Where nothing but eternal Death and Sleep is,
Informs again the dead Bones. With your Virtues,
Go on, I say, Valiant and Wise, rule Heav'n,
And all the great aspects attend 'em. Do but blow
Upon this Enemy, who, but that we want Foers,
Cannot deserve that Name; and like a Mist,
A lazy Fog before your burning Valours

You'll

You'll find him fly to nothing; this is all,
We have Swords, and are the Sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless Valours, fight and Conquer.

Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.

Pet. That Man that loves not this Day,
And hugs not in his Arms the noble Danger,
May he dye fameless and forget. *Suet.* Sufficient,
Up to your Troops, and let your Drums beat Thunder,
March close, and sudden like a Tempest; All Executions *[March.*
Done without sparkling of the Body; keep your Phalanx
Sure lin'd and piec'd together, your Pikes forward,
And so march like a moving Fort; e'er this Day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Caratach and Nennius.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd; from yond' Hill's brow
We may behold him, *Caratach.* *[A March.*

Car. Let's thither, *[Drums within at one place afar off.*
I see the Dust fly. Now I see the Body,
Observe 'em, *Nennius*, by——a handsome Body,
And of a few, strongly and wisely jointed:
Suetonius is a Soldier. *Nen.* As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the Regiments,
Viewing their Preparations. *Car.* Very likely,
He shews no less than General; see how bravely
The Body moves, and in the Head how proudly
The Captains stick like Plumes; he comes apace on;
Good *Nennius* go, and bid my stout Lieutenant
Bring on the first square Body to oppose 'em;
And as he Charges, open to enclose 'em;
The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their Backs, in which I'll lead the Vanguard:
We shall have bloody Crowns this Day, I see by't;
Haste thee good *Nennius*, I'll follow instantly. *[Exit Nennius.*
How close they march, as if they grew together? *[March.*
No place but lin'd alike, sure from Oppression;
They will not change this Figure; we must charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both Ends, Van and Rear,

[Drums in another place afar off.
They never totter else. I hear our Musick,
And must attend it: Hold good Sword, but this Day,
And bite hard where I bound thee, and hereafter

I'll make a Reliek of thee, for young Soldiers
To come like Pilgrims to, and kiss for Conquests. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Jun. Now is the time, the Fellow stays.

Dec. What think ye? Cur. I think 'tis true.

Jun. Alas, if 'twere a Question,

If any doubt or hazard fell into't,

Do ye think mine own Discretion so self-blind,

My care of you so naked, to run headlong?

Dec. Let's take *Petilius* with us. Jun. By no means:

He's never wise but to himself, not courteous,

But where the end's his own; we are strong enough,

If not too many. Behind yonder Hill

The Fellow tells me she attends, weak guarded,

Her Mother and her Sister. Cur. I would venture.

Jun. We shall not strike five Blows for't, weigh the good,

The general good may come.

Dec. Away, I'll with ye, but with what doubt?

Jun. Fear not, my Soul for all.

[Alarms, Drums and Trumpets in several Places afar off, as at a main Battel. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Drusus and Penius above.

Dru. Here ye may see 'em all, Sir; from this Hill

The Country shews off level. Pen. Gods defend me,

What Multitudes they are, what Infinities?

The Roman Power shews like a little Star

Hedg'd with a double Hollow. Now the Knell Rings.

[Loud Shouts.]

Hark how they shout to th' Battel, how the Air

Totters and reels, and reends apieces, Drusus,

With the huge vollied Clamours.

Dru. Now they charge,

Oh Gods, of all sides, fearfully.

Pen. Little Rome,

Stand but this growing *Hydra* one short Hour,

And thou hast out-done *Hercules*.

Dru. The Dust hides 'em, we cannot see what follows.

Pen. They are gone,

Gone, swallow'd, Drusus, this eternal Sun

Shall

Shall never see 'em march more.

Drus. O turn this way,
And see a Model of the Field, some forty;
Against four hundred.

Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd;
O nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too: *Drusus*;
They seem to carry it; now they charge all,
Close, close, I say; they follow it: Ye Gods,
Can there be more in Men? More daring Spirits?
Still they make good their Fortunes. Now they are gone too,
For ever gone; see *Drusus* at their Backs
A fearful Ambush rises. Farewel Valours,
Excellent Valours: O *Rome*, where's thy Wisdom?

[*Loud.*

Drus. They are gone indeed, Sir.

Pen. Look out toward the Army,
I am heavy with these Slaughters.

Drus. 'Tis the same still, covered with Dust and Fury.
Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius, and Soldiers.

2 Daugh. Bring 'em in, tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.

1 Daugh. Valiant Romans, ye are welcome to your Loves.

2 Daugh. Your Death, Fools.

Dec. We deserve 'em, and Women do your worst.

1 Daugh. Ye need not beg it.

2 Daugh. Which is kind *Junius*? *Ser.* This.

2 Daugh. Are you my Sweet-heart?

It looks ill on't; how long is't, pretty Soul,
Since you and I first lov'd? Had we not reason
To doat extreemly upon one another?

How does my Love? This is not he; my Chicken
Could prate finely, sing a Love-song. *Jun.* Monster.

2 Daugh. Oh, now it courts.

Jun. Arm'd with more Malice
Than he that got thee has the Devil.

2 Daugh. Good. Proceed, sweet Chick.

Jun. I hate thee, that's my last.

2 Daugh. Nay, and ye love me, forward: No? Come Sister,
Let's prick our Answers on our Arrows Points,
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd Leachers,
Ye proud improvident Fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i'th' Noose? Since ye are such loving Creatures,
We'll be your *Cupids*: Do ye see these Arrows?
We'll send them to your wanton Livers, Goats.

1 Daugh. O how I'll trample on your Hearts, ye Villains,
Ambitious salt-itch Slaves: *Rome's* master Sins,
The mountain Rams topt your hot Mothers.

2 Daugh. Dogs,

To whose brave Founders a salt Whore gave suck;
Thieves, Honour's Hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my self-anger,
I do not out-do; all Example.

[Enter Caratach.]

Car. Where,
Where are these Ladies? Ye keep noble Quarter,
Your Mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her Battel. Sure these Faces
I have beheld and known, they are Roman Leaders,
How came they here?

2 Daugh. A trick, Sir, that we us'd;
A certain Policy conducted 'em
Unto our Snare: We have done ye no small service;
These us'd as we intend, we are for th' Battel.

Car. As you intend? Taken by Treachery?

1 Daugh. Is't not allow'd?

Car. Those that should gild our Conquest,
Make up a Battel worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by Craft?

2 Daugh. By any means that's lawful.

Car. A Woman's Wisdom in our Triumphs? Out,
Out ye Sluts, ye Follies; from our Swords
Filch our Revenges basely? Arm again, Gentlemen;
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2 Daugh. By———Uncle,
We will have Vengeance for our Rapes,

Car. By———

You should have kept your Legs close then: Dispatch there.

1 Daugh. I will not off thus.

Car. He that stirs to Execute,

Or she, though it be your selves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine Anger; one great Day given us,
Not to be snatch'd out of our Hands but basely;
And we must shame the Gods from whence we have it,
With setting Snares for Soldiers? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and Children call me Coward,
Before I set up Seales for Victories:
Give 'em their Swords.

2 Daugh. O Gods,

Car. Bear off the Women unto their Mother.

2 Daugh. One Shot, gentle Uncle.

Car. One cut her Fiddle-string: Bear 'em off, I say.

1 Daugh. The———take this Fortune.

Car. Learn to Spin,

And curse your knotted Hemp: Go Gentlemen,

[Exeunt Daughters
Safely]

Safely go off, up to your Troops; be wiser,
There thank me like tall Soldiers: I shall seek ye. [*Exit Caratach.*]

Cur. A noble worth. *Dec.* Well *Junius*.

Jun. Pray ye no more.

Cur. He blushes, do not load him.

Dec. Where's your Love now?

[*Drums aloud again.*]

Jun. Puff, there it flies: Come, let's redeem our Folks.

[*Exeunt Junius, Curius, and Decius.*]

Dru. Awake, Sir; yet the Roman Body's whole,
I see 'em clear again.

Pen. Whole? 'tis not possible; *Drusus*, they must be lost.

Dru. By——they are whole, Sir,

And in brave doing; see they wheel about
To gain more Ground.

Pen. But see there, *Drusus*, see,
See that huge Battel moving from the Mountains,
Their gilt Coats shine like Dragon Scales, their March
Like a rough tumbling Storm; see them, and view 'em,
And then see *Rome* no more; say they fail, look,
Look where the armed Carts stand; a new Army.
Look how they hang like falling Rocks, as murdering
Death rides in Triumph, *Drusus*: Fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery Horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out Souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the Mountain
Melts under their hot Wheels, and from their Ax'trees
Huge Claps of Thunder plough the Ground before 'em,
'Till then I'll dream what *Rome* was.

Enter Suctonius, Petilius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Suet. O bravely fought; Honour 'till now ne'er show'd
Her golden Fate i'th' Field. Like Lions, Gentlemen,
You've held your Heads up this Day. Where's young
Junius, *Curius* and *Decius*?

Pet. Gone to Heav'n, I think, Sir.

Suet. Their Worths go with 'em: Breath a while: How do ye?

Pet. Well, some few scurvy Wounds, my Heart's whole yet.

Dom. Would they would give us more Ground.

Suet. Give? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it? and hold it too, despite the Devil.

Enter Junius, Decius and Curius.

Jun. Lead up to th' Head, and Line; sure the Queen's Battel
Begins to charge like Wild-Fire. Where's the General?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come my brave Soldiers,
Come, let me pour *Rome's* Blessing on ye; live,
Live, and lead Armies all: Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best: We shall appear the sterner to the Foe.

Dec. More Wounds, more Honour.

Pet. Lose no time. *Suet.* Away then,
And stand this Shock, ye have stood the World.

Pet. We'll grow to't. Is not this better than lowlie loving?

Jun. I am my self, *Petilius*.

Pet. 'Tis I love thee.

[*Exeunt Romans.*]

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters and Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i'th' Flanks; O ye have plaid the Fool,
The Fool extreemly, the mad Fool. *Bon.* Why Cousin?

Car. The Woman Fool. Why did you give the Word
Unto the Carts to charge down, and our People
In gross before the Enemy? We pay for't,
Our own Swords cut our Throats: Why?—on't;
Why do you offer to command? The Devil,
The Devil, and his Dam too; who bid you
Meddle in Men's Affairs?

Bon. I'll help all. *Car.* Home,
Home and spin Woman, spin, go spin, ye trifle.
Open before there, or all's Ruin. How,
Now comes the Tempest on our selves, by—

[*Exeunt Queen, &c.*]

[*Shouts within.*]

[*Victoria within.*]

O Woman, scurvy Woman, beassly Woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dru. Victoria, Victoria! *Pen.* How's that, *Drusus?*

Dru. They win, they win, they win; oh look, look, look, Sir,
For Heav'n's sake look, the *Britains* fly, the *Britains* fly.

Victoria.

Enter Suetonius, Soldiers and Captains.

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft; excellent Soldiers.
Close, my brave Fellows, honourable *Romans*:
Oh cool thy Mettle *Junius*, they are ours,
The World cannot redeem 'em; stern *Petilius*,
Govern the Conquest nobly. Soft, good Soldiers.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bonduca, Daughters and Britains.

Bon. Shame, whither fle ye, ye unlucky *Britains*?
Will ye creep into your Mother's Wombs again? Back Cowards.
Hares, fearful Hares; Doves in your Angers; leave me?
Leave your Queen desolate? her hapless Children,

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

To Roman Rape again, and Fury?

Car. Fly, ye Buzzards,

Ye have Wings enough, ye fear; get thee gone Woman,

[*Luod Shout within.*]

Shame tread upon thy Heels; all's lost, all's lost; hark,
Hark how the *Romans* ring our Knells.

[*Exit Bond. &c.*]

Hen. Good Uncle, let me go too.

Car. No Boy, thy Fortune's mine,
I must not leave thee; get behind me; shake not,

Enter

Enter Petilius, Junius, and Decius.
 I'll breech ye, if ye do, Boy: Come, brave Romans,
 All is not lost yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, *Caratach.*

[*Fight. Drums.*]

Car. Thou art a Soldier; strike home, home, have at ye.

Pen. His Blows fall like huge Sledges on an Anvil.

Dec. I am weary. *Pet.* So am I.

Car. Send more Swords to me.

Jun. Let's sit and rest.

[*Sit down.*]

Drn. What think ye now? *Pen.* O *Drusus*,
 I have lost mine Honour, lost my Name,
 Lost all that was my Light: These are true Romans,
 And I a Britain Coward, a base Coward;
 Guide me where nothing is but Desolation,
 That I may never more behold the Face
 Of Man, or Mankind know me: O blind Fortune,
 Hast thou abused me thus?

Drn. Good Sir, be comforted;
 It was your Wisdom rul'd ye; pray ye go home;
 Your Day is yet to come, when this great Fortune
 Shall be but Foil unto it.

[*Retreat.*]

Pen. Fool, Fool, Coward.

[*Exo. Penius and Drusus.*]

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Soldiers, Drum and Colours.

Suet. Draw in, draw in: Well have you fought, and worthy
 Rome's noble Recompence: Look to your Wounds,
 The Ground is cold and hurtful: The proud Queen
 Has got a Fort, and there she and her Daughters
 Defie us once again. To Morrow Morning
 We'll seek her out, and make her know, our Fortunes
 Stop not at stubborn Walls: Come, Sons of Honour,
 True Virtues Heirs; thus hatch'd with Britain Blood,
 Let's march to Rest, and set in Gales like Suns.
 Beat a soft March, and each one ease his Neighbours. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Petilius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius singing.

Pet. SMOOTH was his Cheek,

Dec. And his Chin it was sleek;

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

Dem. Junius was this Captain's Name,

A Lad for a Lass's viewing.

Pet. Full black his Eye, and plump his Thigh,

Dec.

Dec. Made up for Loves pursuing:

Dem. Smooth was his Cheek,

Pet. And his Chin it was sleek.

Jun. With whoop, he has done wooing.

Pet. O my vex'd Thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy Brains perfect? *Jun.* Sound as Bells.

Pet. Thy Back-Worm
Quiet, and cast his Sting, Boy?

Jun. Dead, *Potilius*,
Dead to all Folly, and now my Anger only:

Pet. Why, that's well said; hang *Cupid* and his Quiver,
A drunken brawling Boy: Thy honour'd Saint
Be thy ten Shillings, *Junius*; there's the Mony,
And there's the Ware: Square dealing: This but sweats thee
Like a Mesh Nag, and makes thee look pin-buttock'd,
The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a Pig in a Storm, fills thy Brains full of Madness,
And shews thee like a long *Lent*, thy brave Body
Turn'd to a Tail of green Fish without Butter.

Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good Cup of Wine,
A Mistress for a King, she leaps to kiss thee,
Her Red and White's her own; she makes good Blood,
Takes none away: What she heats Sleep can help,
Without a groping Surgeon.

Jun. I am confus'd,
And henceforth, when I doat again,——

Dem. Take heed, ye had almost paid for't.

Pet. Love no more great Ladies,
Thou canst not step amiss then; there's no delight in 'em,
All's in the whistling of their snatcht up Silks,
They're only made for handsome View, not handling:
Their Bodies of so weak and wash a Temper,
A rough-pac'd Bed will shake 'em all to Pieces:
A tough Hen pulls their Teeth out, tires their Souls;

Plena rimarum sunt, they are full of Rinner,
And take the Skin off where they are tasted: Shun 'em,
They live in culisses like rotten Cocks
Stew'd to a Tenderness, that holds no tack:

Give me a thing I may crush. *Jun.* Thou speak'st truly:
The Wars shall be my Mistress now. *Pet.* Well chosen,
For she's a bouncing Lass, she'll kiss thee at Night, Boy,
And break thy Pate i'th' Morning.

Jun. Yesterday I found those Favours infinite.

Dem. Wench good enough, but that she talks too loud.

Pet. She talks to th' Purpose,
Which never Woman did yet: She'll hold grappling,
And he that lays on best, is her best Servant:

All other Loves are meer catching of Dotrels;
Stretching of Legs out only, and trim Lazineis.
Here comes the General.

Enter Suetonius, Curius, and Macer.

Suet. I am glad I have found ye:

Are those come in yet, that pursu'd bold *Caratach*?

Pet. Not yet, Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.

Suet. Then haste *Petilius*, haste to *Penius*,
I fear the strong Conceit of what Disgrace
H'as pull'd upon himself, will be his Ruine
I fear his Soldiers Fury too; haste presently,
I would not lose him for all *Britain*. Give him, *Petilius*,

Pet. That that shall choak him. *Suet.* All the noble Council,
His Fault forgiven too, his Place, his Honour.

Pet. For me, I think, as handsome.

Suet. All the Comfort,
And tell the Soldier, 'twas on our Command
He drew not to the Battel.

Pet. I conceive, Sir, and will do that shall cure all.

Suet. Bring him with ye
Before the Queen's Fort, and his Forces with him,
There you shall find us following our Conquest:
Make haste. *Pet.* The best I may.

[*Exits*]

Suet. And noble Gentlemen,
Up to your Companies; we'll presently
Upon the Queen's Pursuit; there's nothing done
'Till she be seiz'd; without her nothing won. [*Exe. Short Flourish*]

SCENE II.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. How does my Boy?

Hen. I would do well, my Heart's well;
I do not fear. *Car.* My good Boy.

Hen. I know, Uncle,
We must all dye; my little Brother dy'd;
I saw him die, And he dy'd smiling; sure
There's no great Pain in't, Uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?

Car. Strange questions!
Why, to the blessed'st place, Boy, ever Sweetness
And Happiness dwells there. *Hen.* Will you come to me?

Car. Yes, my sweet Boy.

Hen. Mine Aunt too, and my Cousins?

Car. All, my good Child.

Hen. No Romans, Uncle. *Car.* No, Bo,

Hen.

Hen. I should be loath to meet them there.

Car. No ill Men,
That live by Violence, and strong Oppression,
Come thither: 'tis for those the Gods love, good Men.

Hen. Why then I care not when I go, for surely
I am perswaded they love me: I never
Blasphem'd 'em, Uncle, nor transgress'd my Parents;
I always said my Prayers. *Car.* Thou shalt go then,
Indeed thou shalt. *Hen.* When they please.

Car. That's my good Boy. Art thou not weary, *Hengo?*

Hen. Weary, Uncle?

I have heard you say you have march'd all day in Armour.

Car. I have, Boy.

Hen. Am not I your Kinsman? *Car.* Yes.

Hen. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things, as Blood?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hen. To go upon my Legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty Mile a Day, I see no reason,
But to preserve my Country and my self,
I should march forty. *Car.* What wouldst thou be,
Living to wear a Man's strength? *Hen.* Why a *Caratach*,
A Roman-hater, a Scourge sent from Heav'n
To whip these proud Thieves from our Kingdom, Hark,
Hark, Uncle, hark, I hear a Drum.

[Drum.

Enter Judas and his People to the Door.

Jud. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they are here: who dare charge?

1 Sold. He

That dares be knock'd o'th' Head: I'll not come near him.

Jud. Retire again, and watch then. How he stares!
H'as! Eyes would kill a Dragon: Mark the Boy well;
If we could take or kill him. A——on ye,
How fierce ye look? see how he broods the Boy;
The Devil dwells in's Scabbard. Back, I say,
Apace, apace, h'as found us.

[They retire.

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Hen. Uncle, good Uncle see, the thin starv'd Rascal,
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the Thickets:
Kill him, dear Uncle, kill him; one good blow
To knock his Brains into his Breech: strike's Head off,
That I may piss in's Face. *Car.* Do ye make us Foxes?
Here, hold my Charging-staff, and keep the place, Boy.
I am at Bay, and like a Bull I'll bear me.
Stand, stand, ye Rogues, ye Squirrels.

[Exit.

Hen. Now he pays 'em; O that I had a Man's strength.

Enter

Enter Judas, &c.

Jud. Here's the Boy; mine own, I thank my Fortune.

Hen. Uncle, Uncle, Famine is slain upon me, Uncle.

Jud. Come, Sir,

Yield willingly, your Uncle's out of hearing,
I'll tickle your young Tail else, *Hen.* I defie thee,
Thou mock-made Man of Mat; charge home Sirrah:
Hang thee, base Slave, thou shak'st.

Jud. Upon my Conscience

The Boy will beat me; how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the Worm is, a scab'd Boy
To handle me thus? yield, or I cut thy Head off.

Hen. Thou dar'st not cut my Finger, here 'tis, touch it.

Jud. The Boy speaks Sword and Buckler; prithee yield, Boy;
Come, here's an Apple, yield.

Hen. By ——— he fears me.

I'll give you sharper Language: When, ye Coward,
When come ye up? *Jud.* If he should beat me ———

Hen. When, Sir?

I long to kill thee; come, thou canst not scape me:
I have twenty ways to charge thee; twenty deaths
Attend my bloody Staff.

Jud. Sure 'tis the Devil, a Dwarf-Devil in a Doublet.

Hen. I have kill'd a Captain, Sirrah, a brave Captain,
And when I have done, I have kick'd him thus. Look here,
See how I charge this Staff.

Jud. Most certain this Boy will cut my Throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee, he kills us. 2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes.

Jud. The Devil take the hindmost.

Hen. Run, run, ye Rogues, ye precious Rogues, ye rank Rogues:
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes: that's he, Boys.
What a brave cry they make?

Enter Caratach with a Head.

Car. How does my Chicken?

Hen. 'Faith, Uncle, grown a Soldier, a great Soldier;
For by the virtue of your Charging-staff,
And a strange fighting Face I put upon't,
I have out-brav'd Hunger.

Car. That's my Boy, my sweet Boy.
Here, here's a Roman's Head for thee.

Hen. Good Provision.

Before I starve, my sweet fac'd Gentleman,
I'll try your favour. *Car.* A right compleat Soldier.
Come, Chicken, let's go seek some place of Strength
(The Country's full of Scouts) to rest a while in,

Thou wilt not else, be able to endure
 The Journey to my Country; Fruits and Water,
 Must be your Food a while, Boy. *Hen.* Any thing;
 I can eat Mols, I can live on Anger,
 To vex these *Romans*. Let's be wary, Uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.

Hen. And boldly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Penius, Drusus, and Regulus.

Reg. The Soldier shall not grieve ye. *Pen.* Pray ye forsake me;
 Look not upon me, as ye love your Honours:
 I am so cold a Coward, my infection
 Will choak your Virtues like a damp else.

Dru. Dear Captain. *Reg.* Most honour'd Sir.

Pen. Most hated, most abhor'd;
 Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
 O my dear Credit, my dear Credit.

Reg. Sure his Mind is dangerous. *Dru.* The good Gods cure it.

Pen. My Honour got thorow fire, thorow stubborn breaches,
 Thorow Battels that have been as hard to win as Heav'n,
 Thorow Death himself, in all his horrid trims,
 Is gone for ever, ever, ever, Gentlemen,
 And now I am left to scornful Tales and Laughters,
 To hootings at, pointing with Fingers, That's he,
 That's the brave Gentleman forsook the Battel,
 The most wise *Penius*, the disputing Coward.

O my good Sword, break from my side, and kill me;
 Cut out the Coward from my Heart. *Reg.* Ye are none.

Pen. He lies that says so: by——he lies, lies basely,
 Basely than I have done. Come, Soldiers, seek me,
 I have rob'd ye of your Virtues: Justice seek me,
 I have broke my fair Obedience, lost; Shame take me,
 Take me, and swallow me, make Ballads of me;
 Shame, endless Shame; and pray do you forsake me.

Dru. What shall we do?

Pen. Good Gentlemen forsake me:
 You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
 And do not fear; for as I am a Coward
 I will not hurt my self: when that Mind takes me,
 I'll call to you, and ask your help. I dare not.

Enter Petilius.

Pet. Good morrow, Gentlemen; where's the Tribune?

Reg. I here. *Dru.* Whence come ye, good *Petilius*?

Pet.

Pet. From the General. *Dru.* With what, for Heav'n's sake?

Pet. With good Counsel *Drusus*, and love, to comfort him.

Dru. Good *Regulus* step to the Soldier, and allay his Anger;
For he is as wild as Winter. *[Exeunt Drusus and Regulus.]*

Pet. O, are ye there? have at ye. Sure he's dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this Fortune:

He must die, 'tis most necessary; Men expect it,
And thought of Life in him, goes beyond Coward.

For sake the Field so basely?—he upon't:

So poorly to betray his Worth, so coldly

To cut all credit from the Soldier? sure

If this Man mean to live, as I should think it

Beyond belief, he must retire where never

The Name of *Rome*, the voice of Arms, or Honour

Was known or heard of yet: he's certain dead,

Or strongly means it; he's no Soldier else,

No *Roman* in him; all he has done, but out-side,

Fought either drunk or desperate. Now he rises.

How does Lord *Penius*? *Pen.* As ye see.

Pet. I am glad on't, continue so still. The Lord General,
The valiant General, great *Suetonius*——

Pen. No more of me is spoken, my Name's perish'd.

Pet. He that commanded Fortune and the Day

By his own Valour and Discretion,

When, as some say, *Penius* refused to come,

But I believe 'em not, sent me to see ye.

Pen. Ye are welcome; and pray see me, see me well;
Ye shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, *Penius*; the Gods defend, Sir.

Pen. See me, and understand me; This is he

Left to fill up your Triumph; he that basely

Whistled his Honour off to th' Wind, that coldly

Shrunk in his Politick Head, when *Rome* like Reapers

Sweat Blood, and Spirit, for a glorious Harvest,

And bound it up, and brought it off: that Fool,

That having Gold and Copper offer'd him,

Refus'd the Wealth, and took the Waste; that Soldier

That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,

Labour in one Hand, that propounds us Gods,

And in the other, Glory that creates us,

Yet durst doubt and be damned. *Pet.* It was an error.

Pen. A foul one, and a black one.

Pet. Yet the blackest may be washt white again.

Pen. Never. *Pet.* Your leave, Sir,

And I beseech ye note me, for I love ye,

And bring all comfort: Are we Gods,

Allied to no Infirmities? are our Natures
More than Men's Natures? When we slip a little
Out of the way of Virtue, are we lost?
Is there no Medicine called sweet Mercy?

Pen. None, *Petilius*;

There is no Mercy in Mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I have find beyond it.

Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults. *Pen.* 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven:
'Tis loss of whole Man in me, my Discretion
To be so stupid, to arrive at Pardon.

Pet. O but the General — *Pen.* He's a brave Gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving: and I dare say
He would, as far as Honour durst direct him,
Make even with my Fault, but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: Examples that may nourish
Neglect and Disobedience in whole Bodies,
And totter the Estates and Faiths of Armies,
Must not be plaid withal; nor out of pity
Make a General forget his Duty,
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.

Pet. What would ye do? *Pen.* Dye.

Pet. So would sullen Children,
Women that want their Wills, Slaves, Disobedient,
That fear the Law, die. Fie, great Captain; you
A Man to rule Men, to have thousand lives
Under your Regiment, and let your Passion
Betray your Reason? I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind Commends, your Place, your Honour.

Pen. Prithee no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou,
By — thou didst; I over-heard thee, there,
There where thou stand'st now, deliver me for Rascal,
Poor, dead, cold Coward, miserable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruin? *Pet.* I?

Pen. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true Man, a Soldier; and I thank thee.
I thank thee, good *Petilius*, thus I thank thee,

Pet. Since ye are so justly made up, let me tell ye,
'Tis fit ye dye indeed. *Pen.* O how thou lov'st me!

Pet. For say he had forgiven ye, say the Peoples whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own Command think, from whose Swords
Ye have taken off the edges, from whose Valours
The Due and Recompence of Arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew Obedience? must not these kill ye?
Say they are won to pardon ye, by meer miracle

Brought to forgive ye; what old valiant Soldier,
What Man that loves to fight, and fight for *Rome*,
Will ever follow you more? Dare ye know these ventures?
If so, I bring ye comfort; dare ye take it?

Pen. No, no, *Petilius*, no. *Pet.* If your Mind serve ye,
Ye may live still, but how? yet pardon me,
You may out-wear all too, but when? and certain
There is a Mercy for each fault, if tamely
A Man will take't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, Sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my Fault. I'll hang.

Pet. Ye shall not; y'are a Gentleman I honour,
I would else flatter ye, and force ye live,
Which is far baser. Hanging? 'tis a Dog's Death,
An end for Slaves. *Pen.* The fitter for my Baseness.

Pet. Besides, the Man that's hang'd, preaches his end,
And fits a Sign for all the World to gape at.

Pen. That's true: I'll take a fitter; Poison.

Pet. No, 'tis equal ill; the death of Rats and Women,
Lovers, and lazy Boys, that fear Correction;
Die like a Man. *Pen.* Why my Sword then.

Pet. Ay, if your Sword be sharp, Sir,
There's nothing under Heav'n that's like your Sword;
Your Sword's a Death indeed. *Pen.* It shall be sharp, Sir.

Pet. Why *Mithridates* was an arrant Ass
To dye by Poison, if all *Bosphorus*
Could lend him Swords: your Sword must do the deed:
'Tis shame to dye choak'd, fame to dye and bleed.

Pen. Thou hast confirm'd me; and, my good *Petilius*,
Tell me no more I may live. *Pet.* 'Twas my Commission;
But now I see ye in a nobler way,

A way to make all even. *Pen.* Farewel, Captain:
Be a good Man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thy self, and then thy Men. Why shakest thou?

Pet. I do not, Sir. *Pen.* I would thou hadst, *Petilius*:
I would find something to forsake the World with
Worthy the Man that dies: a kind of Earth-quake
Through all stern Valours but mine own.

Pet. I feel now a kind of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it still, as thou lov'st Virtue, keep it.

Pet. And brave Captain, the great and honoured *Penius*.

Pen. That again: O how it heightens me! again, *Petilius*.

Pet. Most excellent Commander.

Pen. Those were mine, mine, only mine.

Pet. They are still. *Pen.* Then to keep 'em

For ever falling more, have at ye, Heav'n's,
Ye everlasting Powers, I am yours: The work's done.

[Kills himself.]

That neither Fire, nor Age, nor melting Envy
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last Words
To the great General; kiss his Hands, and say,
My Soul I give to Heav'n; my Fault to Justice,
Which I have done upon my self; my Virtue,
If ever there was any in poor *Penius*,
Made more, and happier, light on him. I faint,
And where there is a Foe, I wish him Fortune.
I die: lye lightly on my Ashes, gentle Earth.

Pet. And on my Sin. Farewel, great *Penius*.
The Soldier is in fury; now I am glad
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil; for thee, the way of Honour.

[Noise within.]

[Exit.]

Enter Drusus and Regulus with Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him. *Dru.* What will ye do?

Reg. Good Soldiers, honest Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. Kill us first, we command too. *Reg.* Valiant Soldiers,
Consider but whose life ye seek. O *Drusus*,
Bid him be gone, he dies else, Shall *Rome* say,
Ye most approved Soldiers, her dear Children
Devoured the Fathers of the Fights? shall Rage
And stubborn Fury guide those Swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to Civil Ruin?

Dru. O let 'em in; all's done, all's ended, *Regulus*,
Penius has found his last Eclipse. Come, Soldiers,
Come, and behold your Miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody Angers,
And here bestow your Darts. O only *Roman*,
O Father of the Wars. *Reg.* Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing Furies? whose Sword now
Shall first be sheath'd in *Penius*? Do ye weep?
Howl out, ye Wretches, ye have cause; howl ever,
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose Valour
Preserve ye to the Glory of your Country?
Who shall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
By all the Mistresses of War, Care, Counsel,
Quick-ey'd Experience, and Victory twin'd to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your Names, and keep your Honours living,
When Children fail, and Time that takes all with him,
Build Houses for ye to Oblivion?

Dru. O ye poor desperate Fools: no more now, Soldiers;

Go home, and hang your Arms up; let Rust rot 'em;
 And humble your stern Valours to soft Prayers;
 For ye have sunk the Frame of all your Virtues;
 The Sun that warm'd your Bloods is set for ever;
 I'll kiss thy honour'd Cheek. Farewel, great *Penius*,
 Thou Thunder-bolt, farewel. Take up the Body:
 To-Morrow Morning to the Camp convey it,
 There to receive due Ceremonies. That Eye
 That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*]

SCENE IV.

*Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and Soldiers:
 Bonduca, two Daughters, and Nennius above. Drum and Colours.*

Suet. Bring up the Catapults and shake the Wall,
 We will not be out-brav'd thus.

Nen. Shake the Earth,
 Ye cannot shake our Souls. Bring up your Rams,
 And with their armed Heads, make the Fort totter;
 Ye do but rock us into Death.

[*Exit Nen.*]

Jun. See, Sir,
 See the *Icenian* Queen in all her Glory
 From the strong Battlements proudly appearing,
 As if she meant to give us Lashes. *Dec.* Yield, Queen.

Bon. I am unacquainted with that Language, *Roman.*

Suet. Yield, honour'd Lady, and expect our Mercy, [*Ex. Dec.*]
 We love thy nobleness. *Bon.* I thank ye, ye say well;
 But Mercy and Love are sins in *Rome* and Hell.

Suet. Ye cannot scape our strength, ye must yield, Lady,
 Ye must adore and fear the Power of *Rome*.

Bon. If *Rome* be earthly, why should any Knee
 With bending Adoration worship her?
 She's vicious; and your partial selves confess,
 Aspires the height of all Impiety
 Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
 The thatched Houses where the *Britains* dwell
 In careless Mirth, where the blest Household Gods
 See nought but chaste and simple Purity.
 'Tis not high Power that makes a Place divine,
 Nor that the Men from Gods derive their Line;
 But sacred Thoughts in holy Bosoms stor'd,
 Make People noble, and the Place ador'd.

Suet. Beat the Wall deeper.

Bon. Beat it to the Center, we will not sink one Thought.

Suet. I'll make ye. *Bon.* No.

2 Daugh.

2 Daugh. O Mother, these are fearful Hours: Speak gently

Enter Petilius.

To these fierce Men, they will afford ye Pity.

Bon. Pity? Thou fearful Girl, 'tis for those Wretches

That Misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?

Wast not thou born a Princess? Can my Blood,

And thy brave Father's Spirit, suffer in thee

So base a separation from thy self,

As Mercy from these Tyrants? Thou lov'st Lust sure,

And long'st to prostitute thy Youth and Beauty

To common Slaves for Bread. Say they had Mercy;

The Devil a relenting Conscience:

The lives of Kings rest in their Diadems,

Which to their Bodies lively Souls do give,

And ceasing to be Kings, they cease to live.

Show such another fear, and——

I'll fling thee to their Fury. *Suet.* He is dead then?

Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, Sir,

Even to the hazard of my Life——

Suet. No more: We must not seem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a Breach made, is it your will we charge, Sir?

Suet. Once more Mercy, Mercy to all that yield.

Bon. I scorn to answer;

Speak to him Girl, and hear thy Sister.

1 Daugh. General,

Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me

Directly in my Face, my Woman's Face,

Whose only Beauty is the hate it bears ye;

See with thy narrowest Eyes thy sharpest Wishes,

Into my Soul, and see what there inhabits;

See if one Fear, one shadow of a Terror,

One Paleness dare appear but from my Anger,

To lay hold on your Mercies. No, ye Fools,

Poor Fortune's Fools, we were not born for Triumphs,

To follow your gay Sports, and fill your Slaves

With Hoots and Acclamations. *Pet.* Brave behaviour.

1 Daugh. The Children of as great as Rome, as Noble,

Our Names before her, and our Deeds her Envy;

Must we gild o'er your Conquest, make your State,

That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?

No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape ye,

To make ye poor again, indeed our Prisoners,

And stick our Triumphs full. *Pet.* 'Sdeath, I shall love her.

1 Daugh. To torture ye with suffering, like our Slaves;

To make ye curse our Patience, with the World

Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem

The end of all Ambitions.

Bon. Do ye wonder?

We'll make our Monuments in spite of Fortune.
In spite of all your Eagles wings, we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody Soars, and Fortunate,
As if we prey'd on heartless Doves.

Suet. Strange Stiffness.

Decius, go charge the Breach.

[*Exit Decius.*]

Bon. Charge it home, Roman,
We shall deceive thee else. Where's *Nennius*?

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They have made a mighty Breach.

Bon. Stick in thy Body,
And make it good but half an Hour.

Nen. I'll do it.

1 Daugh. And then be sure to die.

Nen. It shall go hard else.

Bon. Farewel with all my Heart, we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.

Nen. Gods take thee, Lady.

[*Exit Nennius.*]

Bon. Bring up the Swords, and Poison.

Enter one with Swords, and a great Cup.

2 Daugh. O my Fortune!

Bon. How, how, ye Whore?

2 Daugh. Good Mother, nothing to offend ye.

Bon. Here, Wench: Behold us, Romans.

Suet. Mercy yet. *Bon.* No talking.

Puff, there goes all your Pity. Come, short Prayers,
And let's dispatch the Business; you begin,
Shrink not, I'll see ye do't.

2 Daugh. O gentle Mother,
O Romans, O my Heart; I dare not.

Suet. Woman, Woman, unnatural Woman.

2 Daugh. O perswade her, Romans:

Alas, I am young, and would live. Noble Mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave Life? Are my Years
Fit for Destruction?

Suet. Yield, and be a Queen still,
A Mother and a Friend.

Bon. Ye talk; come, hold it, and put it home.

1 Daugh. Fie, Sister, fie, what would you live to be?

Bon. A Whore still. *2 Daugh.* Mercy.

Suet. Hear her, thou wretched Woman.

2 Daugh. Mercy, Mother.

O whither will you send me? I was once
Your Darling, your Delight.

Bon. O Gods, Fear in my Family? Do it, and nobly.

2 Daugh. O do not frown then.

1 Daugh. Do it, worthy Sister;

'Tis nothing, 'tis a Pleasure; we'll go with ye.

2 Daugh. Oh if I knew but whither.

1 Daugh. To the blessed, where we shall meet our Father.

Sist. Woman. Bon. Talk not.

1 Daugh. Where nothing but true Joy is.

Bon. That's a good Wench, mine own sweet Girl; put it close
to thee.

2 Daugh. Oh comfort me still for Heav'n's sake.

1 Daugh. Where eternal

Our Youths are, and our Beauties; where no Wars come,
Nor lustful Slaves to ravish us.

2 Daugh. That steels me; a long farewell to this World.

Bon. Good, I'll help thee.

1 Daugh. The next is mine.

Shew me a Roman Lady in all your Stories,
Dare do this for her Honour; they are Cowards,
Eat Coals like, compell'd Cats: Your great Saint, *Lucrece*,
Dy'd not for Honour; *Tarquin* topt her well,
And mad she could not hold him, bled.

Per. By——

I am in Love, I would give an hundred Pound now
But to lye with this Woman's Behaviour. Oh the Devil.

1 Daugh. Ye shall see me Example: All your *Rome*,
If I were proud and lov'd Ambition;
If I were Lustful, all your ways of Pleasure;
If I were greedy, all the Wealth ye conquer——

Bon. Make haste!

1 Daugh. I will,—— Could not intice to live
But two short hours this Frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, *Romans*, to fling off
This case of Flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the Gods,
Hunt Honour, and not Nations with your Swords,
Keep your Minds humble, your Devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die.

Bon. I come, Wench: To ye all Fates Hangmen, you
That ease the aged Destinies, and cut
The threads of Kingdoms, as they draw 'em here,
Here's the draught would ask no less than *Cæsar*
To pledge it for the glories sake.

[Dies.]

BONDUCA

Cur. Great Lady. *Suet.* Make up your own Conditions.

Bon. So we will. *Suet.* Stay. *Dim.* Stay.

Suet. Be any thing.

Bon. A Saint, *Suetonius*,

When thou shalt fear, and die like a Slave. Ye Fools,
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquer'd,
Ye sweat for us in vain else: See him here,
He's ours still, and our Friend; laughs at your Pities;
And we command him with as easie Reins
As do our Enemies. I feel the Poison.

Poor vanquish'd *Romans*, with what matchless Tortures
Could I now Rack ye? But I pity ye,
Desiring to die quiet: Nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my Victory.

That I will give ye Counsel e'er I die.

If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole
Place in your *Romans* Flesh a *Britain* Soul.

[Dies.]

Enter Decius.

Suet. Desperate and strange.

Dec. 'Tis won, Sir, and the *Britains* all put to th' Sword.

Suet. Give her fair Funeral;

She was truly noble, and a Queen.

Pet. ——— Take it,

A Love-mange grown upon me? What, a Spirit?

Jun. I am glad of this, I have found ye.

Pet. In my Belly, O how it tumbles?

Jun. Ye good Gods, I thank ye.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Caratach upon a Rock, and Hengo by him sleeping.

Car. **T**HUS we afflicted *Britains* climb for safeties,
And to avoid our Dangers, seek Destructions;

Thus we awake to Sorrows. O thou Woman,

Thou Agent for Adversities, what Curses

This day belong to thy Improvidence?

To *Britain* by thy means, what sad Millions

Of Widows weeping Eyes? The strong Man's Valour

Thou hast betray'd to Fury, the Child's Fortune

To fear, and want of Friends; whose Pieries

Might wipe his Mourning off, and build his Sorrows

A House of rest by his blest Ancestors:

The Virgins thou hast rob'd of all their Wishes,

Blasted their blowing Hopes, turn'd their Songs,
 Their mirthful Marriage-songs to Funerals,
 The Land thou hast left a Wilderness of Wretches;
 The Boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
 Would my Soul were in Heav'n.

Hen. O noble Uncle,
 Look out, I Dream'd we were betray'd.

[A soft dead March within.]

Car. No harm, Boy;
 'Tis but thy cunctiousness that breeds these Fancies:
 Thou shalt have Meat anon.

Hen. A little Uncle,
 And I shall hold out bravely: What are those?
 Look, Uncle, look, those multitudes that march there?
 They come upon us stealing by.

Car. I see 'em; and prethee be not fearful.

Hen. Now ye hate me, would I were Dead.

Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.

Hen. Did I e'er shrink yet, Uncle? Were I a Man now,
 I should be angry with ye.

*Enter Drusus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Penius's Horse, Drums
 and Colours.*

Car. My sweet Chicken,
 See, they have reach'd us, and as it seems they bear
 Some Soldier's Body, by their solemn Gestures,
 And sad Solemnities; it well appears too
 To be of Eminence. Most worthy Soldiers,
 Let me entreat your Knowledge to inform me
 What noble Body that is which you bear
 With such a sad and ceremonious Grief,
 As if ye meant to woo the World and Nature
 To be in love with Death? Most honourable
 Excellent Romans, by your ancient Valours,
 As ye love Fame, resolve me.

Sold. 'Tis the Body
 Of the great Captain *Penius*, by himself
 Made cold and spiritless.

Car. O stay, ye Romans,
 By the Religion which you owe those Gods
 That lead ye on to Victories, by those Glories
 Which made even Pride a Virtue in ye.

Drus. Stay: What's thy Will, *Cararach*?

Car. Set down the Body,
 The Body of the noblest of all Romans,
 As ye expect an Offering at your Graves

From your friends Sorrows, let it down a while,
That with your Grievs an Enemy may mingle;
A noble Enemy that loves a Soldier,
And lend a tear to Virtue; even your Foes,
Your wild Foes, as you call'd us, are yet stor'd
With fair Affections, our Hearts fresh, our Spirits,
Though sometimes stubborn, yet when Virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a Virgin's Prayers,
Oh set it down. *Dru.* Set down the Body, Soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed Relick, thou rich Diamond
Cut with thine own Dust; thou for whose wide Fame
The World appears too narrow, Mans all Thoughts,
Had they all Tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honour'd Ashe: Though an Enemy,
Yet Friend to all thy Worth, Sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy Soul, and in thy Earth
Some Lawrel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy Grave an everlasting Triumph.
Farewel all glorious Wars, now thou art gone,
And honest Arms adieu: All noble Battels,
Maintain'd in thirst of Honour, not of Blood,
Farewel for ever.

Hen. Was this *Roman*, Uncle, so good a Man?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy Father.

Hen. He dy'd before I was born.

Car. This worthy *Roman*

Was such another piece of endless Honour,
Such a brave Soul dwelt in him; their Proportions
And Faces were not much unlike, Boy. Excellent Nature,
See how it works into his Eyes, mine own Boy.

Hen. The multitudes of these Men, and their Fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one Man's Goodness—

Car. O now thou pleasest me, weep still, my Child,
As if thou saw'st me Dead; with such a flux
Or flood of Sorrow; still thou pleasest me.

And worthy Soldiers, pray receive these Pledges,
These hatchments of our Grievs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his Hearse. Now if ye please,
Bear off the noble Burden; raise his Pile
High as *Olympus*, make Heav'n to wonder
To see a Star upon Earth out-shining theirs.
And ever loved, ever living be
Thy honoured and most sacred Memory.

Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good *Caratach*,

And

And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy Soul to Heav'n. Now march on, Soldier.

[Exeunt. A dead March.

Car. Now dry thine Eyes, my Boy.

Hen. Are they all gone?

I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy Spirit, Child; if but this day
Thou canst bear but thy faintness, the Night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

Hen. Pray fear not me; indeed I am very hearty.

Car. Be so still;
His Mischiefs lessen, that controuls his ill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Petilius.

Pet. What do I ail, i'th' name of Heaven? I did but see her,
And see her Die, she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks: She was a Woman,
A thing I never car'd for, but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly; Oh the Devil,
I have the Bots, the—the scorn'd us strangely,
All we could do, or durst do; ah! earned us
With such a noble Anger, and so govern'd
With such a fiery Spirit—the plain bots;
A— upon the bots, the Love-bots; hang me,
Hang me even out o'th' way, directly hang me.
Oh penny Pipers, and most painful Penners
Of bountiful new Ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon me?

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here is he, have at him.

She set the Sword unto her Breast,

Great pity it was to see,

That three drops of her Life-warm Blood,

Run trickling down her Knee.

Art thou there, bonny Boy? And i'th' faith how dost thou?

Pet. Well, gramercy, how dost thou? He's found me,
Scented me out; the Shame the Devil ow'd me,
H'as kept this Day with. And what News, Junius?

Jun. It was an old Tale, ten thousand times told,
Of a young Lady was turn'd into Mould,

Her

Her Life it was lovely, her Death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel Rogue, now h'as drawn, pursue it on me;
He hunts me like a Devil. No more singing
Thou hast got a Cold: Come, let's go drink some Sack, Boy.

Jun. H, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Pet. Why dost thou laugh?
What Mares Nest hast thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha.
I cannot laugh alone: *Decius, Demetrius,*
Curius, oh my sides, ha, ha, ha,
The strangest Jest. *Pet.* Prethee no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling.

Pet. Thou art the prettiest Fellow. *Jun.* Sirs.

Pet. Why *Junius*, prethee away, sweet *Junius*.

Jun. Let me sing then.

Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now: Sing a Song o' six Pence
By——(if) prethee;——on't, *Junius*.

Jun. I must either sing, or laugh.

Pet. And what's your Reason?

Jun. What's that to you? *Pet.* And I must whistle.

Jun. Do so. Oh, I hear 'em coming.

Pet. I have a little Business.

Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it; what Gentleman
Of thy sweet Conversation?

Pet. Captain *Junius*,
Sweet Captain, let me go with all Celerity,
Things are not always one, and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gybe: None of your delectul Dicies,
Nor your sweet Conversation; you will find then
I may be anger'd.

Jun. By no means, *Perilius*;
Anger a Man that never knew Passion?
'Tis most impossible: A noble Captain,
A wise and generous Gentleman?

Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found ye,
But for your Mother's sake I will forgive ye,
Your subtil Understanding may discover,
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry:
Some Straw to tickle ye, but do not trust to't;
Ye are a young Man, and may do well; be sober,
Carry your Ail discreetly.

Enter Decius, Demetrius, and Curius.

Jun. Yes forlooth.

Dems.

Dem. How does the brave *Petilius*? *Jun.* Monstrous merry;
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in Love; what a strange Monster
For little Boys and Girls to wonder at;
How like a Fool I lookt.

Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull flaving Fools. *Jun.* *Petilius* saw too.

Pet. No more of this, 'tis scurvy; Peace.

Jun. How nastily,
Indeed, how beastly all I did became me?
How I forgot to blow my Nose? there he stands,
An honest, and a wise Man; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in Love——*Pet.* I am angry.

Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self,
His understanding-self, so manly his Ass-self——

Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the Follies,
The Poverties, and Baseness that belongs to't,
Ha's read upon the Reformations long.

Pet. He has so. *Jun.* 'Tis true, and he must do't:
Nor is fit indeed any such Coward——

Pet. You'll leave prating.

Jun. Should dare come near the Regiments, especially
Those curious Puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love Behaviours: Those are Dog-Whelps,
Dwindle away, because a Woman dies well;
Commit with Passions only; fornicate
With the free Spirit meerly: You, *Petilius*,
For you have long observ'd the World.

Pet. Dost thou hear?

I'll beat thee damnably within these three Hours:
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee; farewell Jack-Daws. *[Exit.]*

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown?

Jun. I am glad he is so,
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.

Car. Is't possible her meer Death——*Jun.* I observ'd him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her Bravery. I have follow'd him,
And seen him kiss his Sword since, court his Scabbard,
Call dying, dainty Deer; her brave Mind, Mistress;
Casting a thousand ways, to give those Forms,
That he might lye with 'em, and get old Armour:
He had got me o'th' Hip once: It shall go hard, Friends,
But he shall find his own Coin.

Enter

Enter Macer.

Dec. How now, *Macer*? Is *Judas* yet come in?

Enter Judas.

Mac. Yes, and has lost most of his Men too. Here he is.

Cur. What News?

Jud. I have lodg'd him; rouze him he that dares.

Dem. Where, *Judas*?

Jud. On a steep Rock i'th' Woods, the Boy too with him,
And there he swears he will keep his *Christmas*, Gentlemen,
But he will come away with full Conditions,
Bravely, and like a *Britain*: He paid part of us.
Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four several times at half Sword with him,
Twice stood his Partizan; but the plain Truth is,
He's a meer Devil, and no Man; i'th' end he swing'd us,
And swing'd us soundly too; he fights by Witchcraft,
Yet for all that I saw him lodg'd.

Jun. Take more Men,
And scout him round. *Macer*, march you along.
What Victuals has he?

Jud. Not a Piece of Bisket,
Not so much as will stop a Tooth, nor Water
More than they make themselves: They lye
Just like a Brace of Bear-Whelps, close, and crafty,
Sucking their Fingers for their Food.

Dec. Cut off then
All Hope of that way; take sufficient Forces.

Jun. But use no foul Play, on your Lives: that Man
That does him Mischief by Deceit, I'll kill him.

Macer. He shall have fair play, he deserves it.

Jud. Hark ye,
What should I do there then? You are brave Captains,
Most valiant Men; go up your selves; use Virtue,
See what will come on't; pray the Gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: There ye shall find him,
His Sword by his side, Plums of a Pound Weight by him,
Will make your Chops ache: You'll find it a more Labour
To win him living, than climbing of a Crows-Nest.

Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up
I am sure within these two Hours. Watch him close.

Macer. He shall flee through the Air if he escape us.

[A sad Noise within.]

Jun. What's this loud Lamentation?

Macer. The dead Body
Of the great *Penius* is new come to the Camp, Sir.

H

Dem.

Dem. Dead! *Macer.* By himself, they say.

Jun. I fear'd that Fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to Heav'n.

Jun. Away good *Macer*.

[*Exeunt Macer and Judas.*]

Enter Suetonius, Drusus, Regulus, and Petilius.

Suet. If thou be'st guilty,

Some sullen Plague thou hat'st most light upon thee:

The Regiment return on *Junius*,

He well deserves it. *Per.* So.

Suet. Draw out three Companies,

Yours *Decius*, *Junius*, and thou *Petilius*,

And make up instantly to *Caratach*,

He's in the Wood before ye; we shall follow

After due Ceremony done to the dead,

The noble dead: Come let's go burn the Body.

[*Exeunt all but Petilius.*]

Per. The Regiment given from me; disgrac'd openly,

In love too with a Trifle to abuse me?

A merry World, a fine World; serv'd seven Years

To be an Ass o'both sides, sweet *Petilius*,

You have brought your Hogs to a fine Market: You are wise, Sir,

Your honourable Brain-pan full of Crotchets,

An Understanding Gentleman; your Projects

Cast with assurance ever: Wouldst not thou now

Be bang'd about the Pate, *Petilius*?

Answer to that, sweet Soldier; surely, surely,

I think ye would; pull'd by the Nose, kick'd; hang thee,

Thou art the arrant'st Rascal: Trust thy Wisdom

With any thing of Weight; the Wind with Feathers.

Out ye blind Puppy; you command? You govern?

Dig for a Groat a Day, or serve a Swine-herd;

Too noble for thy Nature too. I must up;

But what I shall do there, let time discover.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Macer and Judas, with Meat and a Borela.

Mac. Hang it o'th' side o'th' Rock, as tho' the *Britains*
Stole hither to relieve him; who first ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot see him.

Jud. He lies close in a Hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his Anger: Ha? no 'tis not he.

Mac. 'Tis but the shaking of the Boughs.

Jud.

Jud.——Shake 'em,
I am sure they shake me soundly. *There.*

Macer. 'Tis nothing.

Jud. Make no Noise; if he stir, a deadly Tempest
Of huge Stones fall upon us: 'tis done: away, close.

[*Exo.*

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly Child, 'tis all thou feed'st on.
No gentle *Britain* near; no valiant *Charity*
To bring thee Food? Poor *Knave*, thou art sick, extream sick,
Almost grown wild for Meat; and yet thy Goodness
Will not confess, nor shew it. All the Woods
Are double lin'd with Soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape: I'll sit down by thee,
And when thou wak'st, either get Meat to save thee,
Or lose my Life i'th' Purchase, good Goods comfort thee:

Enter Junius, Decius, Petilius, and Guide.

Guide. Ye are not far off now, Sir,

Jun. Draw the Companies
The closest way through the Woods; we'll keep on this way.

Guide. I will, Sir; half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o'th' Rock; keep on the left side,
You'll be discover'd else: I'll lodge your Companies
In the wild Vines beyond ye. *Dec.* Do ye mark him?

Jun. Yes, and am very sorry for him. *Pet. Junius,*
Pray let me speak two Words with you.

Jun. Walk afore, I'll overtake ye straight.

Dec. I will. *Jun.* Now, Captain.

[*Exit Dec.*

Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, *Junius.*

Jun. Most sure I told you Truth then.

Pet. And that Love

Should not deny me any honest thing.

Jun. It shall not. *Pet.* Dare ye swear it?
I have forgot all Passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you.

Jun. What would this Man have? By——I do, Sir,
So it be fit to grant ye. *Pet.* 'Tis most honest.

Jun. Why, then I'll do it.

Pet. Kill me. *Jun.* How?

Pet. Pray kill me. *Jun.* Kill ye?

Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly, now kill me.

Jun. On what Reason? ye amaze me.

Pet. If you do love me, kill me, ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you.

Jun. Mercy on me, what ails this Man? *Petilius!*

Pet. Pray ye dispatch me,

Ye are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
 Troubled extreemly, even to Mischief, *Junius*,
 An Enemy to all good Men: Fear not, 'tis Justice,
 I shall kill you else.

Jun. Tell me but the Cause, and I will do it.

Pet. I am disgrac'd, my Service
 Slighted, and unrewarded by the General;
 My Hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
 I am grown ridiculous, an Ass, a Folly
 I dare not trust my self with; prithee kill me.

Jun. All these may be redeem'd as easily
 As you would heal your Finger. *Pet.* Nay——

Jun. Stay, I'll do it,
 You shall not need your Anger: But first, *Petilius*,
 You shall unarm your self; I dare not trust
 A Man so bent to Mischief.

Pet. There's my Sword, and do it handsomely.

Jun. Yes, I will kill ye,
 Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before ye,
 The most extreme Fool ye have plaid in this,
 The Honour purpos'd for ye, the great Honour
 The General intended ye. *Pet.* How?

Jun. And then I'll kill ye,
 Because ye shall die miserable. Know, Sir,
 The Regiment was given me, but 'till time
 Call'd ye to do some worthy deed, might stop
 The Peoples ill Thoughts of ye, for Lord *Penius*,
 I mean his Death. How soon this time's come to ye,
 And hasted by *Suetonius*? Go, says he,

Junius and *Decius*, and go thou *Petilius*,
 Distinctly, thou *Petilius*, and draw up,
 To take stout *Caratach*; there's the deed purpos'd,
 A deed to take off all faults, of all Natures:
 And thou *Petilius*; mark it, there's the Honour,
 And that done, all made even. *Pet.* Stay.

Jun. No, I'll kill ye.
 He knew thee absolute, and full in Soldier,
 Daring beyond all Dangers, found thee out
 According to the boldness of thy Spirit,
 A Subject, such a Subject.

Pet. Hark ye, *Junius*, I will live now.

Jun. By no means. Woo'd thy Worth,
 Held thee by the Chin up, as thou sunk'st; and shew'd thee
 How Honour held her Arms out: Come, make ready,
 Since ye will die an Ass. *Pet.* Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun.

Jun. By—but I will, Sir. I'll have no Man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward. Besides, you have gotten
Honour enough, let young Men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the General, which is
One main cause ye shall die, howe'er he carry it,
Such a strong deting on ye, that I fear
You shall command in chief: how are we paid then?
Come, if you will pray, dispatch it.

Pet. Is there no way? *Jun.* Not any way to live.

Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem my self at any Price: good *Junius*,
Let me but die upon the Rock, but offer
My Life up like a Soldier.

Jun. You will seek then to out-do every Man?

Pet. Believe it, *Junius*,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a Soldier,
For ever these mad fancies.

Pet. Dare ye trust me? By all that's good and honest.

Jun. There's your Sword then,
And now come on a new Man: Virtue guide thee. [Exe.

Enter Caratach and Hengo, on the Rock.

Car. Courage my Boy, I have found Meat: look, *Hengo*,
Look where some blessed *Britain*, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little Food and Drink: cheer up Boy,
Do not forsake me now.

Hen. Oh Uncle, Uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble Life: Uncle, I am Heart-whole,
And would live. *Car.* Thou shalt, long I hope.

Hen. But my Head, Uncle: methinks the Rock goes round.

Enter Macer and Judas.

Macer. Mark 'em well, *Judas*.

Jud. Peace, as you love your life.

Hen. Do not you hear the noise of Bells?

Car. Of Bells, Boy? 'tis thy fancy,
Alas, thy Body's full of Wind.

Hen. Methinks, Sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near Funeral of State; nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet Uncle, you will kill me sooner.

Car. Oh my poor Chicken.

Hen. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle:
Come tie me in your Belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go my self, Boy.

Hen. No, as ye love me, Uncle,
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee: come, Child,
My valiant Child.

Hen. Let me down apace, Uncle,
And ye shall see how like a Daw I'll whip it
From all their Policies: for 'tis most certain

A Roman train; and ye must hold me sure too,
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, Uncle,
We'll be as merry——

Car. Go i'th' name of Heav'n, Boy.

Hen. Quick, quick, Uncle, I have it. Oh. [Judas shouts Hen.

Car. What ail'st thou?

Hen. O my best Uncle, I am slain.

Car. I see ye, and Heav'n direct my Hand: Destruction

[Caratach kills Judas with a stone from the Rock.

Go with thy Coward Soul. How dost thou, Boy?

Oh Villain, pocky Villain.

Hen. Oh Uncle, Uncle,

Oh how it pricks me; am I preserv'd for this?
Extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward, rascal Coward, Dogs eat thy flesh.

Hen. Oh I bleed hard; I faint too, out upon't,
How sick I am? the lean Rogue, Uncle.

Car. Look Boy, I have laid him sure enough.

Hen. Have ye knock'd his Brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: Cheer up, Child.

Hen. Hold my sides hard, stop, stop, oh wretched Fortune!
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, Uncle.

Car. Heav'n look upon this noble Child.

Hen. I once hop'd

I should have liv'd to have met these bloody Romans

At my Sword's point, to have reveng'd my Father,

To have beaten 'em; oh hold me hard. But Uncle——

Car. Thou shalt live still I hope, Boy. Shall I draw it?

Hen. Ye draw away my Soul then, I would live
A little longer; spare me Heav'n, but only

To thank you for your tender love. Good Uncle,

Good noble Uncle weep not.

Car. Oh my Chicken, my dear Boy, what shall I lose?

Hen. Why, a Child.

That must have died however; had this scap'd me,
Fever or Famine—— I was born to die, Sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my Boy?

Hen.

Hen. I go the straighter.

My journey to the Gods: Sure I shall know ye
When ye come, Uncle. *Car.* Yes, Boy.

Hen. And I hope

We shall enjoy together that great Blessedness
You told me of. *Car.* Most certain, Child.

Hen. I grow cold, mine Eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up. *Hen.* Pray for me;

And noble Uncle, when my Bones are Ashes,
Think of your little Nephew. Mercy.

Car. Mercy. You blessed Angels take him.

Hen. Kiss me: so. Farewel, farewel.

[Dies.]

Car. Farewel the hopes of *Britain*,

Thou Royal Graft, farewel for ever. Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy Veil, and view thy Triumph: Look,
Look what thou hast brought this Land to. Oh fair Flower,
How lovely yet thy Ruins show, how sweetly
Even Death embraces thee! The peace of Heav'n,
The fellowship of all great Souls be with thee.

Enter Petilius and Junius on the Rock.

Hah? Dare ye *Romans*? Ye shall win me bravely.

Thou art mine. *Jun.* Not yet, Sir.

[Fights.]

Car. Breath ye, ye poor *Romans*,

And come up all, with all your ancient Valours,
Like a rough Wind I'll shake your Souls, and send 'em——

Enter Suetonius, and all the Roman Captains.

Suet. Yield thee, bold *Caratach*, by all——

As I am a Soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thy self, the valiant *Britain*.

Pet. Brave Soldier yield, thou stock of Arms and Honour,
Thou filler of the World with Fame and Glory.

Jun. Most worthy Man, we'll woo thee, be thy Prisoners.

Suet. Excellent *Britain*, do me but that Honour,
That more to me than Conquests, that true Happiness,
To be my Friend.

Car. Oh *Romans*, see what here is: Had this Boy liv'd——

Suet. For Fame's sake, for thy Sword's sake,
As thou desirest to build thy Virtues greater:
By all that's excellent in Man, and honest——

Car. I do believe; ye have had me a brave Foe;
Make me a noble Friend, and from your Goodness,
Give this Boy honourable Earth to lye in.

Suet. He shall have fitting Funeral. *Car.* I yield then;
Not to your Blows, but your brave Courtesies.

Pet.

Pet. Thus we conduct thee to the Arms of Peace
The wonder of the World.

Suet. Thus I embrace thee,
And let it be no Flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only Soldier.

Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your Usage.
I am for Rome. *Suet.* Ye must.

Car. Then Rome shall know.

The Man that makes her spring of Glory grow.

Suet. *Petilius*, you have shown much worth this day, redeem'd
much Error,

Ye have my Love again, preserve it: *Junius*,
With you I make him equal in the Regiment.

Jun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, Sir.

Suet. Ye show a Friend's Soul.

March on, and through the Camp in every Tongue,
The Virtues of great *Caratach* be sung.

[Exeunt]

FINIS



